THE BYSTANDER
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JULY 20, 1927

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

WINNING HORSES OF THE YEAR: NEW SERIES IN COLOUR

The BYSTANDER

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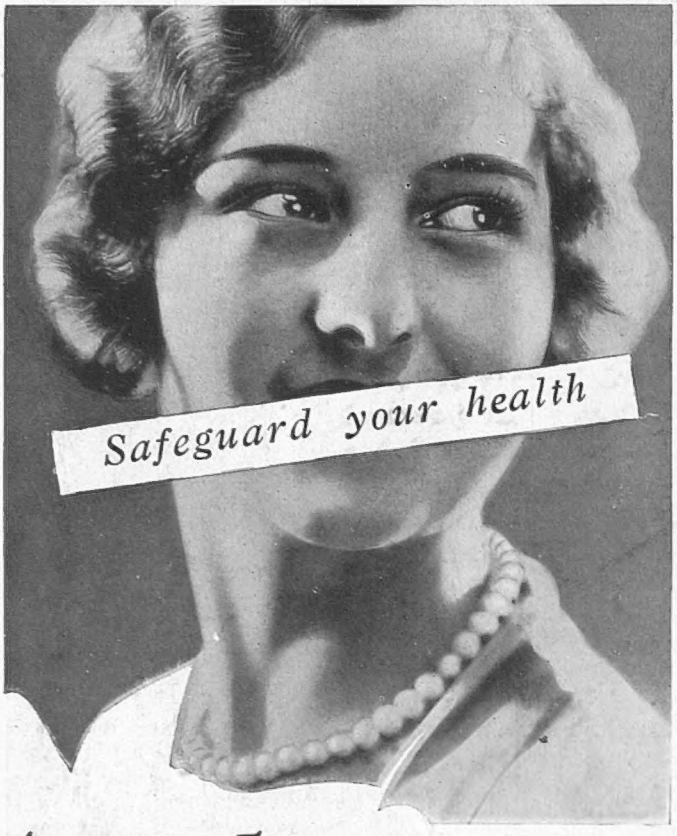

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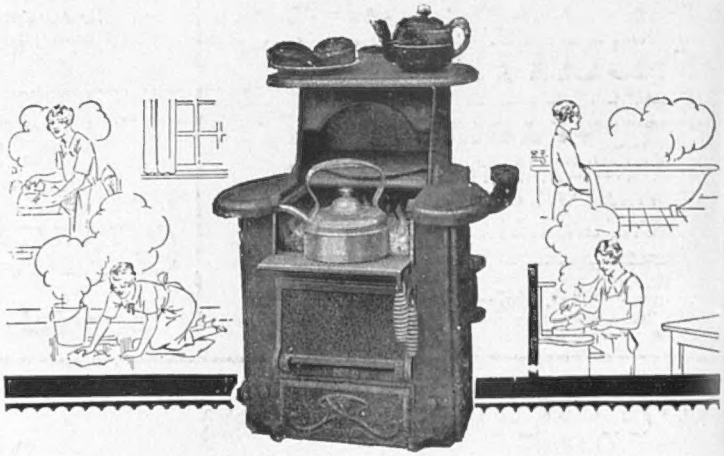

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The Bystander, July 20, 1927

No. 1231 Vol. XCV

The BYSTANDER

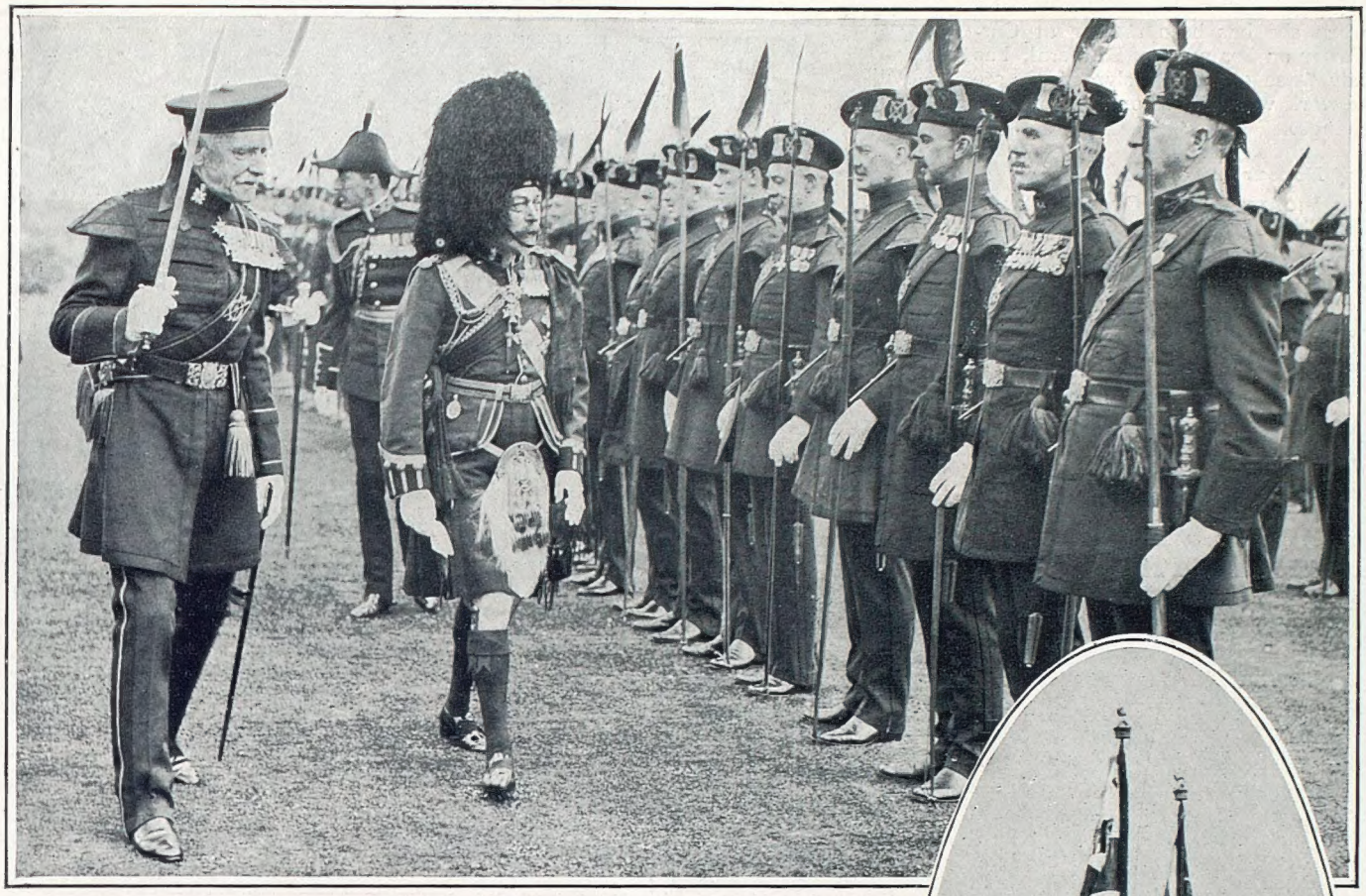
VERY DEEP!

BY RICK ELMES

a. E. Johnson

THE HOLIDAY GOVERNESS *DE LUXE*

BY CHARLES ROBINSON



THE KING WITH HIS BODY GUARD *Central News*

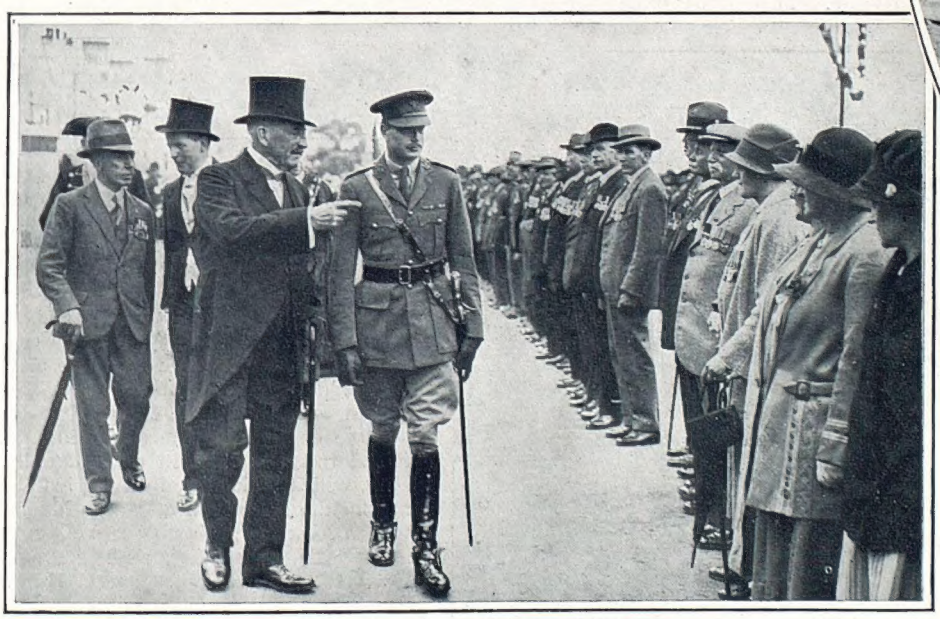
The King, wearing the uniform of the Black Watch, in which he is not often seen in public, inspecting the Royal Company of Archers, at Holyrood Castle. With His Majesty is Brig.-Gen. Sir Robert Gordon Gilmour, the Lieutenant and Adjutant of the Company, which is the Sovereign's Body Guard in Scotland

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The Royal Visit to Scotland

THERE was quite a migration of Scottish folk from London for the Royal visit to Edinburgh, and especially for the Drawing Room and Garden Party. A great many presentations which ordinarily take place in London were made at the former.



PRINCE HENRY AT FOLKESTONE *Topical*

Prince Henry photographed at the recent opening of Leas Cliff Hall at Folkestone. He is seen here inspecting the British Legion Guard of Honour

Topical

THE NEW COLOURS

The Prince of Wales presenting new colours to the 1st Battalion Prince of Wales's Volunteers, of which he is Colonel-in-Chief. The ceremony took place at Tidworth, Ludgershall

Holyrood, which formerly was the most uncomfortable of Royal dwellings, has been altered out of all knowledge—that is, of course, the King and Queen's private apartments—the State rooms, and those associated with Queen Mary of Scots being untouched. The changes in the private apartments have been under the personal superintendence of the Queen, who each

year, when she has been staying at Carberry Tower on her way to Balmoral, has frequently gone over to Holyrood to see how the work was getting on and to effect more changes.

Maids of Honour

QUEEN VICTORIA, being Queen-Regnant, had eight Maids of Honour, who took their turns of duty in regular rotation throughout the year, and wherever the Sovereign might be. Queen Alexandra, being Queen-Consort, had half this number; and Queen Mary, after the King's succession, appointed only two—Lord Wenlock's niece, Miss Ursula Lawley, and Miss Mabel Gye, the niece of Sir Alexander Nelson Hood, who at that time was the Queen's private secretary. The post of Maid of Honour is the only one about the Court which confers a title, the ladies ranking as barons' daughters, with

AMONG THE ONLOOKERS *Topical*

Some of the spectators at the International Polo matches at Frohnau, near Berlin, follow the play with interest. The group includes Frau von Maltzahn, the wife of the German Ambassador at Washington, with Frau Stresemann, the wife of Herr Dr. Stresemann, the Minister for Foreign Affairs

RECENT ARRIVALS *L.N.A.*

A photograph taken on the arrival in London of Major-General Sir Granville Ryrie, the New High Commissioner for the Commonwealth of Australia. The group includes Mr. H. E. Pratten (Australian Minister of Trade and Customs) (left), Sir Granville Ryrie, Lady Ryrie, Miss Ryrie and Mr. Ryrie

the title of Honourable, which they hold for the rest of their lives.

Seven years ago the Hon. Mabel Gye married General Thacker, and since then the Hon. Ursula Lawley has been the Queen's only Maid of Honour. When her engagement to Colonel George Gibbs was announced it was thought that the Queen would probably not appoint a successor and the post would be allowed to lapse. This, however, is not the case, Her Majesty having chosen Miss Jean Hamilton-Bruce.

The duties of a Maid of Honour nowadays are extremely light in comparison with what they were in Queen Victoria's time, or even in Queen Alexandra's. Upon her marriage each Maid receives a "dowry" of £1,000. On one occasion two of Queen Alexandra's Maids—the Hon. Maud Vivian and the Hon. Mary Hart-Dyke—became engaged at the same time. Their Royal mistress insisted on a double wedding, which took place in the private chapel at Buckingham Palace, King Edward and Queen Alexandra giving the wedding party afterwards. Miss Vivian's bridegroom was Earl Haig, then Major-General Haig.

Sport and General

GOLF UP NORTH

Although the main exodus to the North is not yet really under way, many keen golfers have been playing on the North Berwick links for some time. The photograph shows Mr. Einsten (left), Lord Tweeddale and Lord Aberdour

SITTING IT OUT *Tom Aitken*

Some of those who attended the Harrow Ball at the Savoy receive a visit from the photographer between dances. The group comprises: at the back, Miss Martin, Mr. Rushbrook, Major Murrough, Major Rushbrook and Mr. A. P. F. Chapman. In front are Mrs. Rushbrook, Mrs. Chapman, Mrs. Murrough and Captain Murrough

Gossip that was Wrong

THE Queen's ladies do not give up their posts in the event of re-marriage, and unless Lady Elizabeth Motion, who until

News Illus.

MISS HEASMAN

last week was Lady Elizabeth Hesketh-Prichard, chooses to resign she will still be a Woman of the Bedchamber.

Lady Elizabeth was appointed two and a half years ago in the place of the late Lady Elizabeth Dawson. She was then the widow of Major Hesketh-Prichard, who with his mother wrote those clever and entertaining novels signed "H. and K. Hesketh-Prichard." Of these, *Don Q* was the most popular. Besides being a novelist, Major Hesketh-Prichard was a well-known cricketer, a big-game hunter, and an explorer. Lady Elizabeth is a sister of the Earl of Verulam, who gave her away at her marriage last week.

Her mother first married a Mackintosh of Mackintosh, by whom she had one daughter, now Lady Baring, the wife of Sir Godfrey Baring. This makes Lady Elizabeth a step-aunt of Miss Poppy Baring —whose real name, by the way, is Azalea —Sir Godfrey's popular elder daughter, whom some of the newspapers, with no knowledge and bad taste, regarded as the future bride of one of the Princes, simply because the young couple had played tennis together a good deal at Nubia House, Sir Godfrey's delightful place at Cowes.

Gossip Wrong Again

ANOTHER lady whom the gossips were once very busy providing with a Royal bridegroom is Lady Mary Thynne, the youngest of the Marquess of Bath's three daughters. Again the gossips were all wrong, for she is now engaged to Lord Nunburnholme, the third holder of the peerage which was conferred on Charles Wilson, the head of the Hull shipping firm.

The first Lord Nunburnholme left Warter Priory, a house he had made famous for its hospitality, to his wife, the grandmother of the present peer. It has some of the best shooting in Yorkshire, and the gardens are renowned for their beauty. The house is modern, built on the lines of a French château. When Florence Lady Nunburnholme decided to sell the place it must have been with feelings of deep regret, for she herself had made the gardens and was largely responsible for the collection of pictures and exquisite furniture in the house.

One of the most attractive features in the gardens at Warter Priory are the rambler roses, which are trained everywhere in thick ropes. There is also a beautiful "Garden of Memories," where the first Lord Nunburnholme and his sons, the second Lord Nunburnholme and Mr. Gerard Wilson, are buried. One cannot imagine a more beautiful resting-place.

Other Garden Graves

THE Wilsons were not alone in their desire to be buried in their own garden. The late Mr. E. S. Montagu, the uncle of the present Lord Swaythling, was buried in his garden at Breccles Hall, a perfect specimen of Tudor architecture near Thetford, on restoring which its former

Sport and General

LORD LONDESBOROUGH AND LADY [VICTOR] WARRENDER

AT PETERBOROUGH

Some personalities at the recent Peterborough Agricultural and Foxhound Shows. These shows proved as popular as ever from the social point of view, and also from the quality of "horse and hound"

Topical

THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT AND THE HON. MRS. JOHN LOWTHER

News Illus.

MRS. J. E. JONES WITH RED RUFUS

Topical

MRS. BARBARA MILLER AND COLONEL MOSELEY LEIGH

Sport and General

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SCOTTISH PAGEANT LOOKING TOWARD THE ROYAL BOX

SCOTLAND LIVES ITS PAST AGAIN

The Scottish Historical Pageant at Craigmillar Castle, Edinburgh, attracted great numbers of onlookers, and the King and Queen attended one of the performances. In many cases the rôles of historical personages were taken by their descendants

Sport and General

THE ARRIVAL AT THE PAGEANT OF THEIR MAJESTIES AND PRINCESS MARY

owner, the late Mr. Charles Bateman-Hanbury, spent a small fortune. Lord Savile's first wife lies in the lovely gardens at Rufford Abbey. The family burial place of the Earls of Strafford is in the park at Wrotham Park, their house near Barnet.

The Duchess and Mothercraft

THE Mothercraft Training Society, of which the Duchess of York is President, is appealing for £25,000 with which to build a new hostel capable of meeting the ever-growing demands on its services. The Duchess has allowed this hostel to be called "The Princess Elizabeth of York Hostel." In giving this permission through her Lady-in-Waiting, Lady Helen Graham, the Duchess said that she had been able to see what was being done for babies by the Society in Australia and New Zealand —the latter the birthplace of the movement —and it is her "earnest wish that the Society's help and guidance may be available in larger measure for the young mothers in this country than at present." Subscriptions may be sent to E. R. Peacock, Esq., and the envelope addressed The Princess Elizabeth Hostel Appeal, 20, Hanover Square, W.1.

G.P.U.

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK AS THE EARL OF SURREY

I.B.

LADY MARY SCOTT AS MARGARET TUDOR

Explaining the Weather

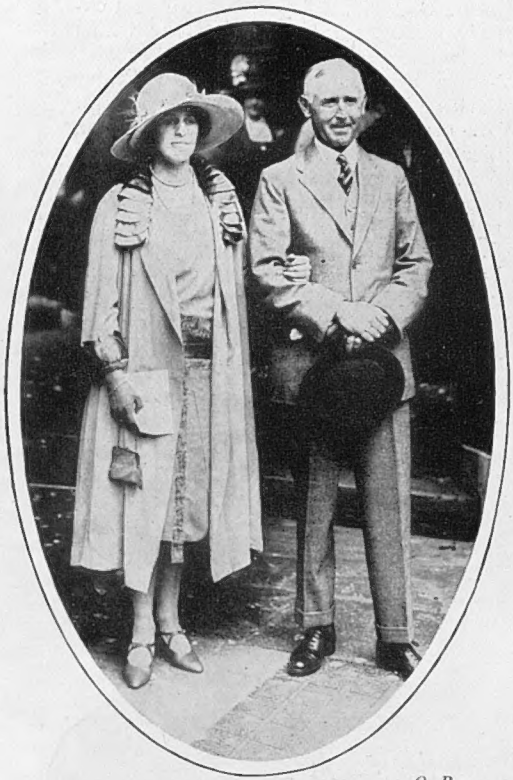
A SMALL girl looking dolefully at a lawn half under water, and the rain descending in a steady stream, said to her mother:

"I think the sky must have been dreadfully upset by that old eclipse, because it's been crying ever since."

A Quaint Survival

A CURIOUS ceremony took place before the Drawing Room at Holyrood when the Captain of the Royal Archers, Brigadier-General Archibald Huison Crauford of Braehead, offered the service of "Servitium Lavacri," which His Majesty was graciously

pleased to accept." General Crauford is a feudal tenant of the King, and the "service," which consists in the head of the family presenting a silver gilt basin in which the monarch washes his hands, is the only rent he pays, just as the Duke of Marlborough takes a flag every year to Windsor as the rent for Blenheim. But



Q. P.

A HUNTING WEDDING

Major T. A. Motion and his bride, Lady Elizabeth Hesketh-Prichard, leaving St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, after their wedding. The bride is the third sister of the Earl of Verulam

the Scottish ceremony only takes place when the Sovereign asks for it.

It dates from the reign of James V of Scotland. The King was badly wounded, and a peasant called Jock Huison brought a bowl of water and washed his wounds. For this he was rewarded with land, the rent of which was the "Servitium Lavacri" from him and his descendants.

Vandyk

DEFYING SUPERSTITION

The Hon. Charles Cubitt, youngest son of Lord and Lady Ashcombe, and his bride, Miss Rosamund Chomeley, who were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton, on July 13. The bridesmaids and trainbearers were the Misses Mirabel and Jacqueline Fox, Miss Mollie Calvert, Miss Geraldine Watt, Miss Desirée Welby, Master Henry and Miss Rosalind Cubitt. Mr. Humphrey Lloyd was best man

Another Change

WITH the much-regretted departure of the late Belgian Ambassador and Baroness Moncheur, another house in Belgrave Square will have new tenants. This is Number 20, which they rented from Lord Stonehaven, the Governor-General of Australia, by whom it has now been sold. Before Lord Stonehaven bought it—he was then Sir John Baird—the house belonged to the late Lord Barnard, and under the three reigns, Barnard, Baird, and Moncheur, it was the scene of much brilliant entertaining.

Evelyn Howard

A HAMPSHIRE WEDDING

Mr. Leonard Chaplin and his bride, Miss Barbara Dalgety, leaving East Tytherley Church, Hampshire, after their wedding. The bride is the daughter of the late Major F. J. Dalgety, of Lockerley Hall, Romsey, and the Hon. Mrs. Dalgety, and is a granddaughter of Lord Rathdonnell

I. B.

WELL ATTENDED

Mr. G. A. Whitley, son of Senator J. L. Whitley, of New York, with his bride, Miss Helen Morgan, daughter of Mrs. A. Houlston Morgan. The wedding, which took place at St. Mary Abbots, Kensington, was notable for the number of the bride's attendants

The New Dress Parades

THE popularity of fashion parades has extended even to the beach. A recent show of bathing dresses and beach gowns which was held *au grand air* at Deauville was a great success, the mannequins from the leading Paris houses displaying dresses of such elegance that the idea of immersing them in the sea seemed almost sacrilegious.

P. P. G. Buchanan

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

Sketches by "THE TOUT"

Tall Bidding

INTERESTING sales and excellent racing made it a pleasant time for visitors to Newmarket last week. The sensation of the sales was the yearling colt by Papyrus out of Sundart. Nobody who looked over this youngster, who was bred by the late Sir Robert Jardine, could have been in any doubt as to his exceptional promise. Bigger than his sire was at the same age, he is a colt of fine range and character. In fact, it is not easy to pick a hole in him. For all that, I candidly confess that I did not expect to see such tremendous bidding for him. Had he commanded 10,000 guineas I would not have been surprised; but this figure was soon exceeded, and it was not until 14,000 guineas was reached that the hammer fell. Mr. "Dick" Dawson secured him on behalf of the Aga Khan, whose determination to capture the most promising yearlings that come into the market is as pronounced as ever. He would have got this Papyrus colt much more cheaply had it not been for the persistence of Mrs. Rudd, who went up to 13,500 guineas, and was obviously disappointed when she found that this huge sum did not suffice. I am told that she was bidding on behalf of Mr. W. T. Waggoner, who has a stud farm in Texas and who bought two or three high-priced horses over here last year.

A Filly for the Leger

IT is interesting to learn that Lord Astor has now decided to allow Book Law to take her chance in the St. Leger. In the ordinary way that owner is not in favour of running his fillies against the colts in the last of the classic events, but this season the St. Leger looks so open that there is every encouragement to give Book Law the opportunity of adding her name to the list of fillies who have won that race. The Manton stable looks like being strongly represented in the St. Leger, as in addition to the filly it will have a formidable candidate in Chantrey, who gave a remarkable display in the recent Welsh Derby at Chepstow. Mr. Singer did not think it worth while to run this colt in the Derby at Epsom, but he has come on a lot since then, and seems to possess that stamina which is essential for success in the Doncaster race. I see it stated that Book Law will run for the Yorkshire Oaks. This, however, is not the case. After running at Goodwood next week she is to be given a course of physic, and then will be trained for the St. Leger.

Liverpool Cup

FINE racing is in prospect at Aintree this week, with the Liverpool Cup on Friday as the centre of interest. If Lord Derby is to win this race yet again it will be with his French importation Lord Presto or the three-year-old filly Composure. The latter is a thorough jade. She could have won at Newmarket last week had she put the slightest heart into her work. It is difficult to estimate Lord Presto's chance on his English form. Alec Taylor's stable is represented by Foliation and Delius. It may be recalled that these two opposed each other over the same course a year ago, and the filly, conceding 7 lb., got the better of the colt by a length. There is now 12 lb. between them, so it should be a close thing. Delius has been a most disappointing animal. He invariably runs well without quite doing the trick, yet one is always tempted to give him one more chance. I have an idea that the issue will rest between him and **Playboy**, who seems to be at the top of his form just now. I think that if you back Mr. Jack Joel's colt and "save" on Delius you will not have a losing race. On Wednesday **Dian** may win the Molyneux Cup, and I select **St. Mary's Kirk** for the Abbeystead Stakes on the following day.

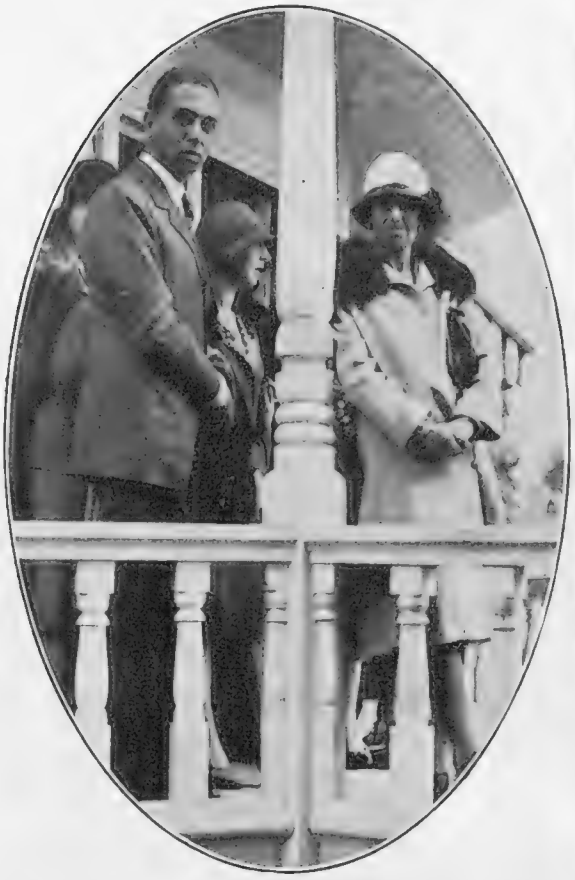
Stewards' Cup

BEFORE next week's issue reaches its readers the Goodwood meeting will have started. Given favourable weather conditions, the Sussex gathering should prove as brilliant as ever. Certainly the racing will be of its usual attractive character. This is the only opportunity I shall have of referring to the Stewards' Cup, and I have to write before the appearance of the acceptances. It seems to me that Mr. Sol Joel holds a particularly strong hand with the four which he has entered, while his brother also has a reasonable chance with Priory Park and Nice Prospect to choose from. The course should suit Bella Minna to a nicety, while as a classic winner Adam's Apple is entitled to respect. Much depends on the luck of the draw. With reasonable fortune in this respect Mr. S. B. Joel's selected, which will probably be Fohanaun, should be prominently concerned in the finish.

A New Racing Series

THE series of colour portraits of famous jockeys by Mr. Gilbert Holiday which appeared in recent issues of THE BYSTANDER met with such success that the first of a new series of interest to horse-lovers appears in this number. These photographs in colour of "Winning Racehorses of the Season and their Trainers" have been specially executed by Messrs. W. W. Rouch and Co., the well-known experts in equine photography.

Lookers-on at Ranelagh



THE MARQUES DE MERRY DEL VAL AND THE INFANTA BEATRIX OF SPAIN *Alfieri*

MRS. BEATON (left) AND THE HON. GEORGIANA CURZON *Q.P.*

LADY VICTORIA HAIG (left) AND LADY ALEXANDRA HAIG *Q.P.*

THE KING OF SPAIN AND THE DUCHESS OF PENERANDA *Alfieri*

The final of the Coronation Cup, in which El Gordo beat Templeton by five goals to two, attracted a large and distinguished crowd to Ranelagh. The Ladies' Gymkhana, held on the same day, provided plenty of amusement after the thrills of the polo battle

Old Lords and Young Ladies

By "PENDARVES"

A NEW ENGLISH SKIPPER

G. R. Jackson, the popular captain of Derbyshire, who have been doing so well in the Championship this year. He is to captain the English touring side in South Africa

IF you want to test the true characters of your friends and acquaintances, go to the Eton and Harrow match in a flannel suit and a soft hat. I did this year. You require a hide like a rhinoceros not to feel as if you were peacocking about in a suit of striped pyjamas.

They deal with your awful presence, these lords and ladies, according to their inward characters, absolutely. The strong silent man, the type that gets up and says nasty things at shareholders' meetings, looks right through your soft felt hat, apparently utterly unaware of the eyes beneath it, which are regarding him expectantly. ("Were you really? I didn't see you—deuce of a crowd, wasn't there?") The little lady in beige with touches of red, looking terribly bored with that florid old gentleman, breaks into a sudden animated conversation with him when she sees you approaching; a conversation which necessitates a close study of the match card. ("Really? I'm hopeless. I never see *any*one: why didn't you come up and talk?") . . . You can learn a lot about life at Lord's.

But because of the whole splendid *ensemble* of those two days they will always draw us to the famous ground, whether we have time and inclination to change into orthodoxy of black coat or not. The real fun is to get into the free seats on one of the stands—and listen. Here sit the obvious next-of-kin of Etonians and Harrovians, because they are referring to players by their Christian names. I must have crept in and sat down next to an elder sister bereft of illusions, for, after having given me the once-over of a cold stare (after all, she *is* sitting in the public stand and must not be surprised at finding herself amongst all sorts of odd people), she says to the elderly lady on her right: "Hullo, they're putting Robin on to bowl. Hope we shan't get any balls coming up here. . . . Yes, they put him on the other day: he didn't do so badly: I think they only hit sixty off him in a couple of overs or something of that sort. . . ."

Here also sit the Great Unknown who cannot resist a place in the sun on a match day at Lord's, whoever is playing. They have no part or lot with either school, and they, too, stare coldly inimical at extremely pretty women all about them who chatter incessantly about everything but the game in hand. To them this is a more heinous crime than the flannel suit, by far. A little depressing are these neutral free seats, because you are in the matter but not of it.

There used to be two places in London where, home on leave or up from Northumberland or just out of the nursing home, you were absolutely certain to see a dozen men "you hadn't seen for years." One was the Empire "Prom.": gone, alas! The other was, and is, the Eton-and-Harrow. If you want to finger the past for an hour or two, now is your chance. If you want to see the school quad. again on one of those bleak November mornings just before early chapel, or the rugger ground with the fags punting about before a big game—here it all is.

SKETCHES BY MAC

A MAN OF KENT

Major A. J. Evans, the captain of Kent, who has been making some good scores this season. He is a fine forcing bat and can always be relied upon to play a "captain's innings"

It is not Eton and Harrow's day alone. They are merely the setting to the lovely scene—a dignified, highly respected background. *All* the public schools are here, unto the third and fourth generation of those who used to hate us and those whom we loved. They have come, some of them because it is "the thing to do," others, like myself, to finger, rather dubiously and nervously, the past. To do so properly and privily you must have privacy, because the past is a sad business; you lean over the back of one of the open stands—and look down.

The old world and the new saunter to and fro beneath. . . . Great *Scot*! Saunders, of Brown's—the best wing three the school ever had: a fat man, mopping a bald head: would have a stroke if he ran fifty yards. . . . Matheson, in your House, who nearly got sacked for fighting that surly gamekeeper: has been extensively reported in the papers lately about the revision of the Prayer Book! . . . Little Bostock—look at him! There he goes, with that enormous woman in tow. Always borrowing money at the tuck shop and raffling things to pay it back—never had a bob, poor little brute, even at beginning of term. They say his wife has got £20,000 a year—poor little brute. . . .

These ghosts of the past slide by—a fascinating, gruesome sight. . . . Do *you* look like this? My *aunt*! But you and yours don't count. It is not your day. It is theirs—these self-possessed young men, wearing very new old boys' ties: these slim, shingled, *blasé*-looking young women who are never shy in the presence of anyone: who "deal with" their male escorts in a tactful yet thoroughly masterful manner: who drive super-sports-model cars and are "to some extent but not entirely" in favour of the majority calling at bridge. A new world, a wonderful world. In their opinion the *only* world. How could there be any other? . . . "Oh, in *your* day: yes—quite—*rather*, of course. . . ."

"I say, what a crashing old bore Thingammy is. I nearly came down in flames when he began croaking about "in my day"—can't cope with coves who do that, can you? Have the other half of this with me, and then I *suppose* we'd better do something about looking at the cricket, what?"

"Y-e-s. I suppose so: may as well . . ."

"Friends of Man" on Their Mettle

Central News

MRS. LEWIS AND HER RUSSIAN WOLFHOUND BORIS PETROV

Sport and General

MRS. W. F. REYNOLDS SAMS' BLOODHOUNDS SWIFT OF RUNNYMEDE (left) AND SURE OF RUNNYMEDE

L. N. A.

MISS LUROCK WITH MRS. KAYTE PERRY'S THREE FINE SAMOYEDES

Sport and General

MRS. G. J. NEAME WITH HER BULLDOG SAUCY TED

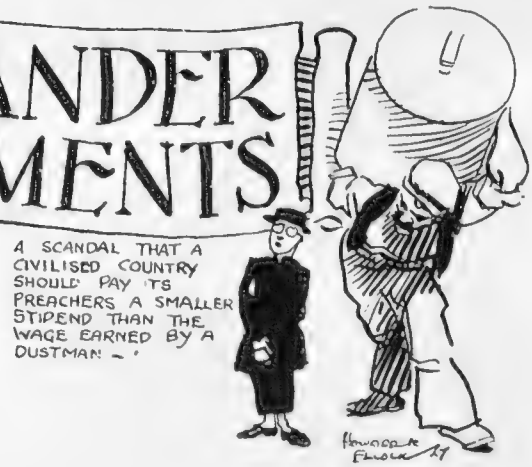
Pathé Pictures

MRS. COBLING'S AFGHAN HOUND SIRDAR OF GHAGNI

A few of the many dogs which met in friendly rivalry at the Richmond Dog Show last week. The Prince of Wales's Alsatian Claus of Seale scored several notable victories

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE -



A SCANDAL THAT A CIVILISED COUNTRY SHOULD PAY ITS PREACHERS A SMALLER STIPEND THAN THE WAGE EARNED BY A DUSTMAN -'

FANCY BUDGETING FOR A LARGE HOUSEHOLD ON £5 A WEEK!

Poor Parsons

THE decision of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners to increase the living of our poorer parsons has sent a wave of relief through the country. It is evident that this matter has been pressing on the public conscience, it being a scandal that a civilised country should pay its preachers a smaller stipend than the wage earned by a builder's labourer or a dustman.

The Parson's Wife

MYSELF, I have been more concerned with the parson's wife than with the parson himself. Fancy budgeting for a large household on five pounds a week! Consider the strain of keeping up some sort of appearance on a sum that would be considered inadequate by a small tradesman or a miner's wife. Most of our women readers spend that amount on dress alone, and then consider themselves hardly done by.

WE ARE TOO MUCH INTERESTED IN SEX AND SHEIKS -'

Sex and Sheikhs

QUITE frankly, I don't know how the thing has been done, and I should have hated to look too closely behind the sordid scenes of a country parson's life. In the last century some great Victorian novelist would have written a book that would have stirred the conscience of the country and have brought the scandal to a head long ago, but that sort of novel is not written nowadays—we are much too interested in sex and sheikhs to care for the domestic problems that lie under our noses.

The Harvest of the Sea

WHEN twenty million tons of rain had fallen on London in one day the ice-cream merchants began to pray for sunshine, with the result that all the thermometers commenced to register a heat wave. There was nothing so new about this as many people seemed to suppose. It has always been the privilege of the British farmer to pray for rain, and the fisherman has frequently invoked the blessing of Heaven upon the harvest of the sea, while in France the season of the chase opens with a religious service. These are, at least, picturesque survivals, and when the weather has taken a dramatic turn the faith of whole communities has been affected in a striking degree.

THE ICE-CREAM MERCHANTS BEGAN TO PRAY -'

An Awkward Situation

I RECALL, in this connection, the curious behaviour of the new incumbent of a rural hill parish who found that his underground reservoir, a huge tank, had run dry. Farmers in the district were astonished to hear that, in spite of the wet season, he was offering prayers for rain—until it was discovered that the vicarage tank had sprung a leak! Fortunately, the prayers of the congregation were not sufficiently unanimous to affect the climatic conditions, and an awkward situation was not further complicated.

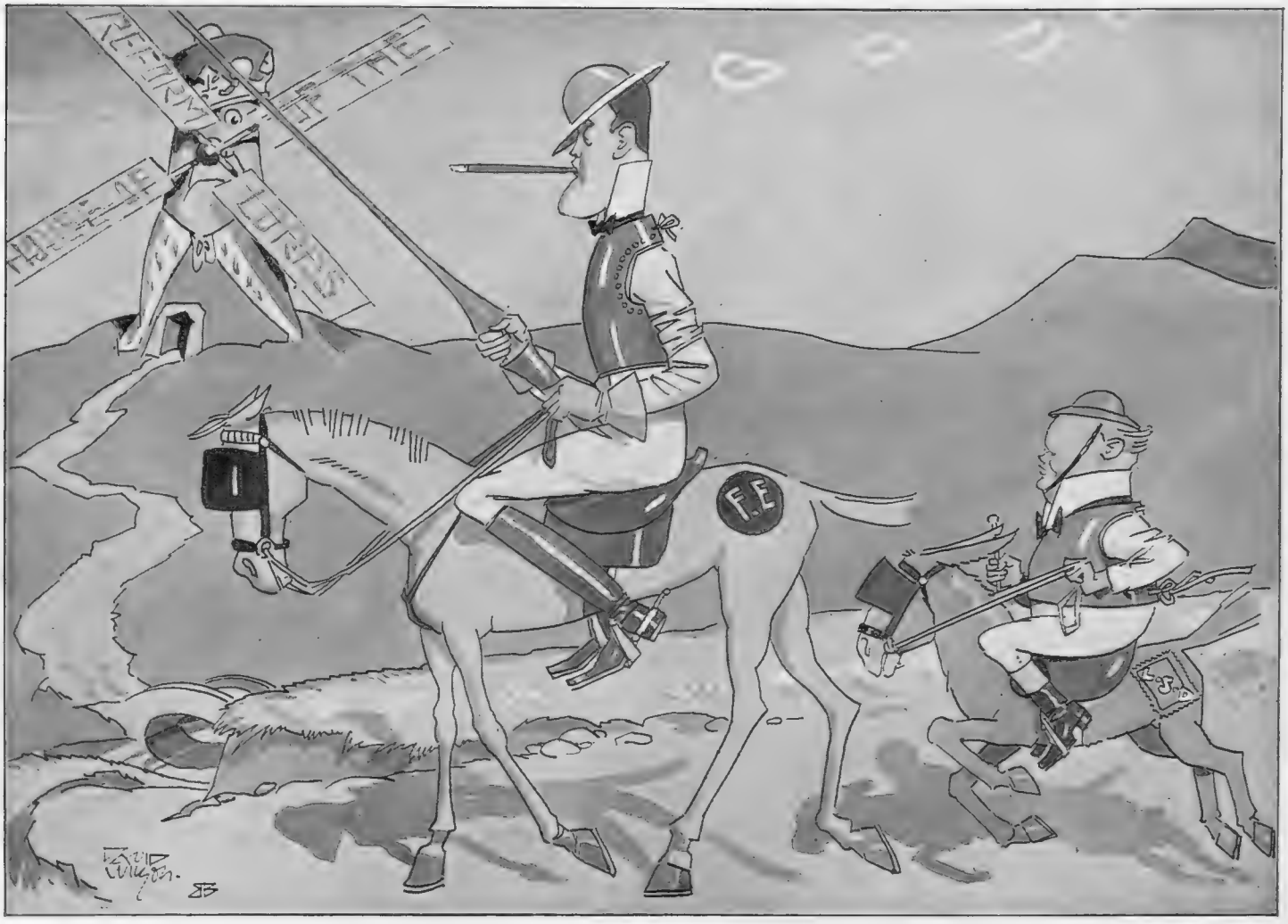
A Shocking Affair

KIPLING'S story of "Pagett, M.P.," was recalled in the House of Commons when that kindly and excellent politician, Mr. Tom Shaw, told a hectic story of a British officer in India who beat one of his native servants unmercifully. In Mr. Shaw's version of this sad scene a German figured as the hero of the shocking affair. It always annoys a Socialist to be told that he is the friend of every country but his own, and I am much too friendly with Mr. Shaw to throw the old gibe in his face, but I am bound to say that

'IT HAS ALWAYS BEEN THE PRIVILEGE OF THE BRITISH FARMER TO PRAY FOR RAIN -'

"BEATEN UNMERCIFULLY" FOR BURNING THE CURRY OF A BRITISH OFFICER -'

"WE HAVE BEEN SUFFERING FROM THE MEDICAL FADDIST -'



"DON QUIXOTE" AND CO.—"DO, OR DIE-HARDS!" By David Wilson

I accept his version of the affair with a reserve bordering on the incredulous. And I am tempted to marvel at this squeamish objection to a little personal and possibly well-deserved castigation.

Three Questions

I HAVE, myself, been "beaten unmercifully" for a far more trivial offence than burning the curry of a British officer, and I should be surprised to hear that Mr. Tom Shaw had not, in his school days, suffered in similar fashion. Pagett, M.P., was a liar, and Mr. Shaw most certainly is not, but the heavy sentimentalist who approaches any problem with preconceived ideas is far more dangerous than all the worldly and wicked men who are out to make what trouble they can. Will Mr. Tom Shaw tell us:—

(*a*) For what offence the native servant was chastised.
(*b*) Whether the action of the German gentleman was so disinterested as might appear, and
(*c*) How long he, Mr. Shaw, has spent in the country on which he seems to be such an authority.

The Two Dukes

PICCADILLY is not yet accustomed to its new Royal residents, and the private car of the Duke and Duchess of York still attracts its little crowd of idle sightseers. This minor embarrassment will pass in time, but it serves to recall the attitude of the public towards the Duke of Wellington when he was living almost next door exactly a hundred years ago. At this time the popularity of the Iron Duke was on the wane, and he had reason to regret that his town house was not situated in one of the quieter by-ways of Mayfair.

Too Many Faddists

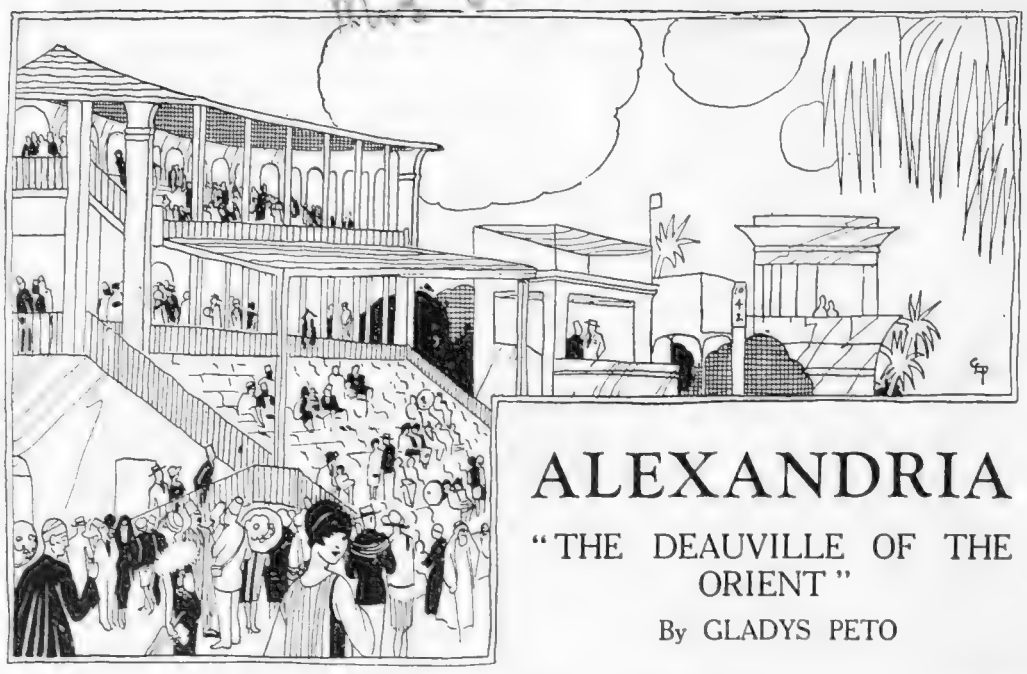
WE have been suffering from the medical faddist who tells us what we must not do, what we must not eat, and what clothes we must not wear. It is, therefore, rather a relief to find Sir Thomas Horder talking a deal of sound common-sense on the subject of dieting. Most food, we gather, is good, and the only danger is that we can have too much of a good thing. If that is all we have to worry about, we can afford to give the self-advertising medico a rest, for it needs no doctor's prescription to remind us that excess in all things—even in dieting—is a self-indulgence for which the penalty must be duly paid.

Our Poor Film Producers

NOW that British films are struggling to get on to their celluloid feet, it may be of interest to compare the treatment accorded producers by authorities in this country with the scope afforded to film-makers abroad. Recently I saw the trade show of a film, "Prince of Adventurers," founded on Casanova's autobiography, in which a scene of outstanding beauty and colour was an eighteenth century day carnival staged on the Grand Canal at Venice. For twelve hours the approaches to St. Mark's Square were kept closed by the Italian military and police, thus enabling the producer to "shoot" a scene of surpassing artistry and setting for this magnificent film.

Live and Let Live

NO one would suggest that Parliament Square should be closed for a day to enable our own producers to get a few local colour "shots," but remembering the horror and indignation of one of our Government Departments when a certain film actress wanted to have a short scene filmed in an obscure corner of Hyde Park, it is clear that, unless reasonable co-operation between the Lords of Red Tape and the Knights of the Silver Screen can be arrived at, our own film producers will be handicapped more than a little.



ALEXANDRIA

"THE DEAUVILLE OF THE ORIENT"

By GLADYS PETO

ONE may often come across a great deal of information about the Alexandria Cotton Exchange upon the duller pages of the morning paper, and everyone knows it is a great seaport; but the place possesses quite other aspects, and I have heard it described as "Cleopatra's Home Town" and "the Deauville of the Orient."

IN Alexandria the sun shines all day long. There is no need at all for the Mayor and Corporation (supposing there to be such functionaries) to stand, stop-watches in hand, timing the minutes of sunshine and recording the same in the daily Press. Alexandria would win the competition every time, so it kindly does not compete.

In the daytime the sky appears to be made of pale blue cotton, rather faded in the wash. At sunset it is rose georgette. At twilight it changes to royal blue satin. At night it is made of blue velvet, and stars are hung in it and a moon.

FROM June till September the King, the High Commissioner, and the Government all move down to Alexandria—for a breeze blows always from the sea, and it is pleasantly cool compared with Cairo. Many Cairo residents move down, too, and the flowers bloom in the gardens and trees shade the streets.

The King takes up his residence at Montaza Palace (he has also a palace at Ras-el-tin).

The rich inhabitants and visitors live at Ramleh in pleasant villas surrounded by gardens containing bronze figures, statues, arc lights, and roses. Alsatian dogs and fat fox-terriers are seen in the gardens in large quantities.

YOU may amuse yourself by gambling or dancing at the St. Stephane Casino, or by listening to a concert there, though malicious persons assert that the music is drowned by the chatter of the audience.

The bathing, particularly at Stanley Bay, is some of the best in the world.

Huts stand three deep along the beach. The sea is peacock-blue on the horizon and emerald-green near at hand.

The water is perfectly transparent and far less crowded than the beach, for the favourite place for wearing a bathing dress is in a deck-chair outside one's hut.

EVERY Saturday and Sunday there are races at the Sporting Club, and one may watch the horses of Mahommed Hadil Bey beat the horses of Mr. Panadopoulos, or *vice versa*; any morning you may watch the horses walking in strings through the streets and study their form.

The grooms all wear their shirts outside their trousers, which gives a pleasant Eastern effect.

You may also play golf, polo, and tennis at the Sporting Club any day; indeed, I believe there are thirty-seven tennis courts, and you may see many beautiful ladies in garden-party frocks sitting under the trees and partaking of cream cakes and ices.

"Beware of the cake shops!"

"The bathing . . . is some of the best in the world"

SHOULD you desire to buy a garden-party frock for yourself, you proceed from Ramleh to Alexandria itself (a distance of four miles or so) in a tram, a motor 'bus, a taxi, a humble horse-cab, or possibly in your own grand motor car or fine carriage and pair. I cannot tell you where to procure a carriage and horses, but to buy a motor car is very easy. Alexandria is full of motor shops. The cars stand in shining rows. A charming

(*Continued on page 116*)

Summer on the Côte d'Azur

Our artist's impressions of some fashions and those who follow them during the bathing hours, which are a great feature of these days on the Riviera

CATCHING THE SUN

SEA HORSES—SUMMER VERSION

THE AMERICAN SAILOR

A GUARD AGAINST SUN BLISTERS

GETTING WELL OILED—
literally, *not* figuratively

THE PET CROCODILE

BY JEAN GAST

lady in a Parisian frock will come to serve you. "Will Madame take a blue car or a beige? The blue has real leather covering the cushions. Those of the beige are not so real."

MADAME will, of course, take the blue, and drive it away to the shop that sells the most delightful parasols in the world. But beware of the cake shops! They appear on every hand. They are all full of the most delectable cakes, covered with candied apricots, and whipped cream, and fragile squares of chocolate which stand on end. But before you buy every cake in the shop, look at the ladies that pass you by in the streets. Alas! they are not at all slim; so refrain!

AT night, perhaps, you may like to go to sleep.

> The day for toil was given,
> For rest, the night;

we all sang in our childhood. But Alexandria knows nothing of this. It will shut its offices finally at midday; it will send your clean linen home at sunrise, your frocks held aloft on dress-hangers; it will lay bricks in the sunset; it will dig up the streets at dead of night by the light of the little red lanterns; and apparently, although the simpler inhabitants spend a good part of the day in happy slumber on the pavement, it never goes to bed at all.

"Your frocks held aloft on dress-hangers"

UP and down drive the great cars at one, two, three, four in the morning, blowing gaily on their horns the whole length of the street. And do not imagine that the Alexandria cock only crows in the dawn; he crows all night long. As for the servants of the fine villas, they spend the hours of darkness sitting on benches outside the gates, although I understand that beds on the roof are provided. Their heads wrapped in shawls, they sit crouched over a brazier, for the night is cold. Achmed, the watchman, who is, of course, supposed to be awake, tells an interminable story that lasts into the sunrise. On and on goes his voice, up and down—"*Iesma' wa ba'adain*" (Listen, and after that . . .)

Till the sun shines in through the *jalousies* and one goes to sleep at last.

G. P.

Sport and General

A "PRESS DAY" AT "BRUM"

A photograph of a group of the Union International Association of Press Representatives taken on the occasion of their visit to the Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd., at Birmingham. In this gathering are representatives of twenty different nations

From Our Portrait Gallery

Sybil Clay

MISS MARJORIE GOSCHEN

A recent portrait of the beautiful daughter of Mr and Mrs. Kenneth Goschen, of Swanthorpe House, Crondall, who was presented at Their Majesties' Second Court of the Season. Miss Goschen's father is a director of the Bank of England

Produced June 28, 1927

By "JINGLE"

Illustrations by MACMICHAEL

I THINK we might call this play an exotic from the hothouse, without insisting that the phrase is necessarily used in a Pickwickian sense. The scene is laid in according to some people, the going is Mrs. Patrick's villa at Monte Carlo, where, usually pretty swift. Mrs. Patrick is a lady of chronic impecuniosity, who has divorced, or been divorced, once or twice, so that, as she says in her simple and artless way, if she does not by this time know something of men she has lived her life in vain. Her friend the Baroness Ridler is eloquent on the same lively topic. Prominent among the noble lady's *entourage* is a decadent creature named Michael, whom I suppose we may regard as her "mister," the logical converse of a man's mistress, although, for the sake of the conventions, he is called her dancing partner. The Baroness thinks that a suitable inscription on her tombstone will be that though she was a wicked old woman she enjoyed life immensely. It may well be so. It was written long ago that the road to Avernus is pleasant and easy.

MRS. PATRICK (a wholly delightful performance by Marie Tempest) is for the moment living under the protection of a tremendously wealthy man who foots all her bills and her gambling expenses with lavish generosity in the hope that she will marry him, and give him the social position he desires. We gather, with not unreasonable surprise, that she is not the sort of lady who will concede her favours at any price short of lawful marriage, though the prospect even of marriage to such a man is repellent to her. He is a Mr. Woolfe, who is some kind of a foreigner, his mother having come from Smyrna, while his father was, as far as he knows, a bit of a Turk. He boasts openly that he has made money in unwieldy quantities by not being too squeamish about the means to the end; and he is now unctuously middle-aged, though his hair is dyed a glossy and deceitful black. I think, in parenthesis, that this is a mistaken policy, as they tell me at the club that iron-grey hair in a man has a subtle fascination for the ladies. I pass the information along, of course, for what it is worth.

AN ACT OF NOTE *Lenare*

Barrington Woolfe (Frank Cellier) makes a wedding present of his promissory notes to Mrs. Patrick (Marie Tempest). But these contributions are not very thankfully received!

IT is necessary to emphasise the designedly vicious atmosphere of the situation because of the sudden and unexpected arrival of Mary on the scene. Mrs. Patrick had omitted to tell her unsavoury friends that away back in England she had a daughter at a finishing school. The daughter has telegraphed at the last moment that she is on her way to Monte Carlo, and with the usual happy connivance of the unities of time and place, she "may be here at any moment." Shortly after that, Mary comes striding in. She proves to be a tall, athletic girl, of the modern self-reliant type (a nice breezy performance by Miss Fabia Drake), and she shakes hands with a muscular grip that appears to be of agonising effect in its wholeheartedness. She desires it to be known that she is the captain of her school cricket-team that is practically unlicked, and she conveys the clear impression that she knows all about life and that sort of thing.

MRS. PATRICK'S very worldy guests are naturally subdued for a while in the presence of obvious youth and innocence—or such of the latter as the times permit. In fact, they overdo the prunes and prisms industry to such an extent that Mary is moved to protest. She vows that her mother is in danger of growing prematurely old in the society of these dull fogies, and she feels that it is her filial duty to buck things up a bit. So that when lunch is announced she thinks she will try and

liven the dismal company by handing them out a smoking-room story or so. From which it would appear superficially that at the modern seminary education is quite gloriously complete and comprehensive.

S

WE do not know whether the threatened short story ever materialises, because from this point events begin to move with dramatic swiftness. The Woolfe person of the very mingled origin calls with a magnanimous offer to wipe out Mrs. Patrick's indebtedness to himself, and to release her from her promise to marry him some day, some time. While she is still smiling with joy at the welcome news, he adds that he makes this offer because he has seen her eighteen-year-old daughter, Mary, who would be more to his taste. (As Shakespeare says, an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination!) Mr. Woolfe further proclaims a little noisily that he is completely master of the situation. He is in a position to ruin Mrs. Patrick financially and socially, but he will be merciful, and the price of his clemency must be—Mary.

S

IN her despair Mrs. Patrick resolves on a last gambler's throw. She borrows a hundred thousand francs in the sadly vain hope of being able to retrieve her fortunes at the tables, so that she may be able to repay her merciless creditor, and breathe clean air once more. But the Bank callously refuses to be broken even by virtue (or thereabouts) in distress, and the net result of her operations is that she has merely added the amount of her latest loan to the tale of her financial liabilities. And then Mary, with the extended worldly wisdom of the canary just released from its cage, strolls in to remark that she has fallen irrevocably in love with the naughty old Baroness's "mister." She went climbing over the rocks with him, and he fascinated her with fluffy romance and gave her, as she is satisfied, his virgin kiss.

S

FORTUNATELY, Mrs. Patrick is able to scotch and kill this base imitation of true love on the spot. To show Mary the kind of person Michael is, she opens her purse, and, thanking the creature for having given her daughter an amusing afternoon, hands him what she considers a suitable fee for his services. And Michael has no alternative but to accept the cash as a frank admission that he is merely a consoler of eager ladies for a monetary consideration. The Baroness is naturally in great distress at the disloyalty of her familiar retainer, but he makes his peace by reminding her that as her dancing partner he will teach her the "Black Bottom," a much-talked-of modern dance, which does not necessarily mean all it says.

THE WOOLFE AND THE FOLD *Lenare*

Mr. Woolfe delicately explains to Mrs. Patrick that his affection for her is exceeded only by his devotion to her daughter Mary (Fabia Drake). Mrs. Patrick, however, does not accept his explanation with true patrician calm

MR. FRANK CELLIER gives an extremely able performance of the Woolfe of mixed ancestry. Mr. Graham Browne drifts quietly through the play with the sure and easy touch of the expert, and brings the strange story to its satisfactory conclusion.

JINGLE

By Seymour Hurley

A MATTER OF COURSE

The Bookie: "What's happened to the favourite?"
The Jonah: "I've put a bob on it!"

BON MOT-IFS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

A sensation was caused in a West End club last week when a player went fast asleep. It was the more strange because it appeared that he had a "nap" hand.

. . . . . .

For robbing bales of cloth two criminals have been sentenced. Once again it is true that too many crooks "spoil" the cloth!

. . . . . .

A physician states that fat men are usually cheerful. Sweet are the uses of obesity.

. . . . . .

It is rumoured that Sir Thomas Beecham intends to stage a new opera. We wonder whether it will be worth the traditional guinea a box.

. . . . . .

A lady journalist says that most men will fall for a girl in a smart hat. The Americanism, "Hattaboy," will now acquire a new significance.

. . . . . .

The new play at the Aldwych seems to be an undoubted success. Some critics, however, consider it to be rather farce-fetched.

. . . . . .

Upon the betting question Mr. Churchill says he has an open mind. A lot of racing specialists are of the opinion that such an open mind should be closed for attentions and repairs.

. . . . . .

A doctor says that fresh air never hurt anyone. Obviously now is the time to sit in a sedative draught.

He was barred from a certain county cricket club, but nevertheless obtained the entry to the pavilion. When challenged by the secretary, he nonchalantly remarked, "Oh, my butler introduced me!"

. . . . . .

All congratulations to Oxford and Cambridge in defeating the American universities. Now we can bid the latter "Yale and farewell."

. . . .

Our ladies' tennis team to America have all our good wishes. Paraphrasing Mr. Kipling, may we hope that they will "take up the Wightman's burden"!

. . . .

The engine of a light aeroplane was "knocking."

"What's the matter?" enquired one ace of another.

"I rather fancy," replied the latter, "it's got the 'Moth' in it!"

. . .

At the last moment the butler was roped in as an umpire.

"How's that?" appealed the wicket-keeper for a stumping against the lord of the manor.

"His lordship," remarked the butler gravely, "is not in!"

"What," said the inveterate punster, "do you think Noah said to the dove?"

"No idea."

"Just 'ark at him!"

. . .

A Lancastrian who, prosecuted for inebriety, gave his name as "Percy," has been fined. Shakespeare might have said, "The jollity of Percy is restrained!"

. . .

More trouble is brewing in Mexico. The President of that republic is reported to have stated that all he wants is a fighting chance.

. . .

"Why don't you stop at home more?" asked his friend.

"Well," replied the harassed husband, "it's so lonely when the wife's always out!"

. . .

Mr. Lloyd George says that we must keep a firm hand on the rudder of agriculture. In other words we must look after the "tiller"—of the soil.

. . . . . .

A prominent Socialist declares that he is a "Red." Perhaps if he had read a little more he wouldn't be.

. . . . . .

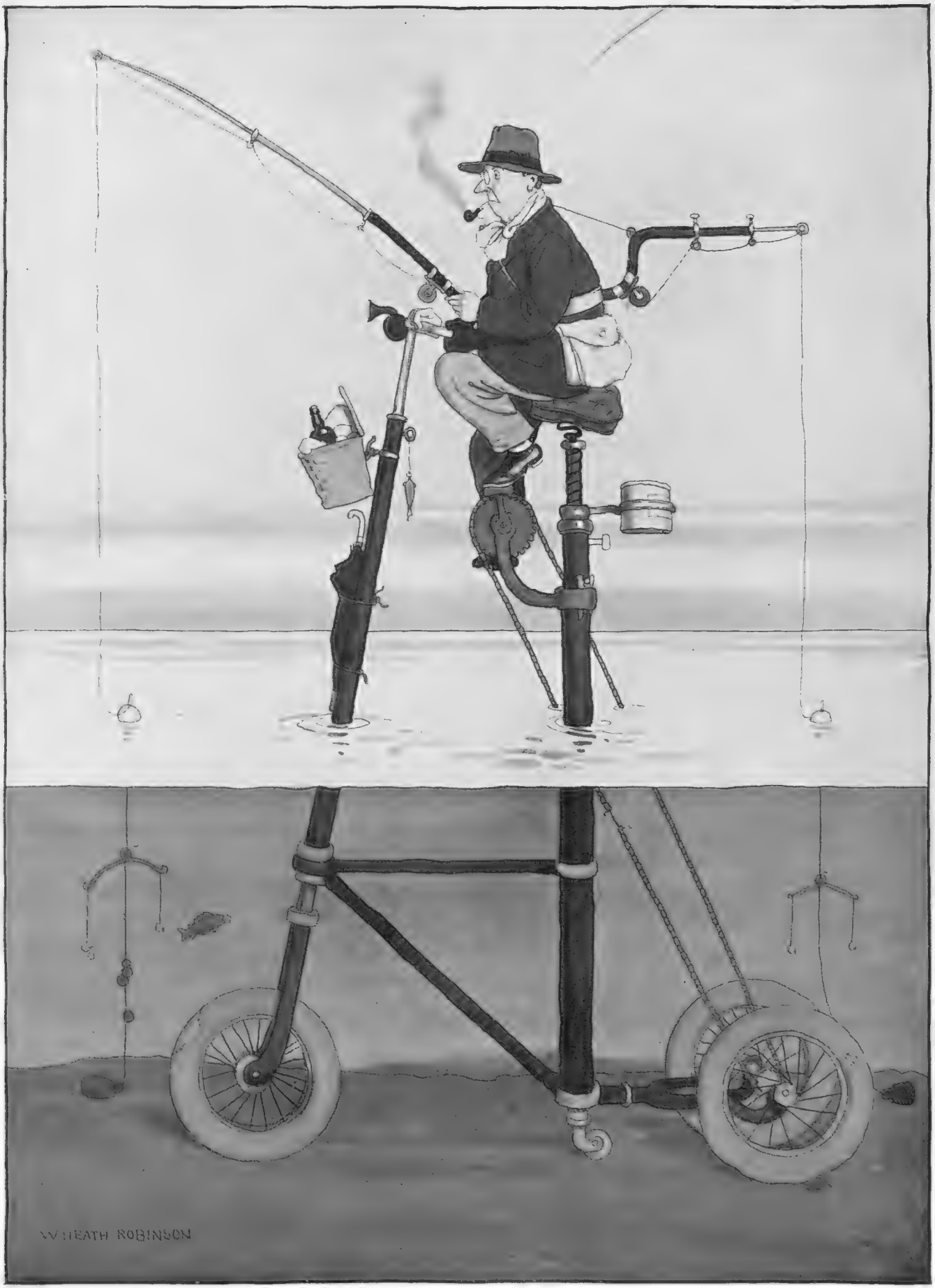
Once again a scientist informs us that plants can feel. Does that mean that suburban gardeners must look out for trouble in the onion bed?

By Kin

CROSS QUESTIONS

Excise Officer (*to cross-Channel swimmer*): "Anything to declare?"

A Decided Catch



BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

THE WHITEBAIT CYCLE

An ingenious contraption necessitated by the exorbitant charges for the hire of boats at the seaside this season

"Blue Skies" that Shine at the Vaudeville

GAOL (SONG) BIRDS

The "Close-Croptomists," who, before retiring for a "stretch," had fallen under the influence of the late-lamented Co-Optimists to such an extent that they relieved the monotony of their fellow-prisoners with a little entertainment full of local colour. Strange to say, they are incarcerated in an English prison, and *not* Sing-Sing—their vocal efforts notwithstandin:

Photographs

MY FIDDLE AND YOU

Jay Whidden and Zoe Palmer in the Romany scene from "Blue Skies," at the Vaudeville. This cabaret-revue, which is presented by Archie de Bear and Clifford Whitley, is drawing big audiences

Stage Photo Co.

WHEN EAST MEETS WEST

A scene from "Chinatown," one of the best numbers in "Blue Skies," which shows what is liable to happen to young Chinese maidens and white youths who fall in love with each other. Apparently white men who fall to the charms of the native girls "way down east" stand a very good chance of promptly going west

"Soon a crowd gathered. Commerce in the market place dwindled to a standstill"

THE ARTIST

By C. HEDLEY BARKER

Illustration by STANLEY LLOYD

You will have seen, at some time or other, Mr. Buddington Bliss. An actor. And, by all the gods, what an actor! You know his stuff. Hamlet, Othello, Macbeth. "This," you will whisper to yourself as you watch Buddington Bliss, "is the authentic stuff." And it is. He has the brooding eye, the seamed countenance, the noble brow. His voice is a bombardon to batter at your ears, or a lute wherewith to charm your senses. And his gestures! With what magnificence, with what kingly dignity does he sweep his robes about him! Yes, an artist.

An artist in other things, too. A very versatile fellow, indeed. See him, for instance (if you are paying for the meal), juggle with crockery. Plates, cups, spoons, knives—all go spinning dizzily into the air to be caught neatly by Buddington Bliss. And at the conclusion of the performance he will most likely, with a murmured "Pardon!", extract the pepper-pot from your coat-pocket. He can whistle, too, most gloriously. He's very slick with the cards. And he can play the violin divinely.

Which brings us to the tale proper.

Buddington Bliss was on the road, which is to say that he was presenting (for one week only) in the provinces his Intimate Shakespearean Company. Starting out with unbounded enthusiasm and five hundred pounds capital, they worked Bromley, Sevenoaks, Croydon, Tonbridge, and Stonewell. At Stonewell the tour ended. It had to. Buddington Bliss called the company together.

"My dear friends," he said sadly, "we are undone. Things are even worse than I thought. The box office receipts won't cover the rent of the theatre. Our capital is gone. The theatre people are holding our props against the debt. Total funds in hand do not exceed two-pounds-ten. It is Kismet."

Buddington Bliss rose up, struck a superb attitude, and declaimed: "Alas! my fortunes all lie speechless and my name is at last gasp; return I cannot, nor continue where I am; to shift my being is to exchange one misery for another. Friends—I shall perforce remain in this town. I trust you all have the wherewithal to see you safely home. *Au revoir.*"

Buddington Bliss went home to his diggings and sat down. He began to think. Item, two-pounds-ten. Item, one shabby suit, with flowing cloak and wide-awake hat. Item, one brand-new suit.

Buddington Bliss ran over the list of his accomplishments. He could juggle. He could whistle. He was slick with the cards. He could play the violin divinely.

"The man," he murmured, "that hath no music in his soul, and loves not concord of sweet sounds, is fit for treasons." And as he delivered himself of this quotation Buddington Bliss leapt to his feet. His eyes flashed. His face was radiant with a smile.

"Egad!" he exclaimed; "an idea! There's money in it. Fifty pounds, maybe, or even a hundred. Yes, I think a little music is indicated. The flowing cloak, the wide-awake hat, and the expression of one sunk in despair. "Monastery Garden" they shall have, and the Hoffman "Barcarolle"—the kind of tripe that they like. They shall have the real stuff, too—"Devil's Trill," for instance. You sad-faced men, people and sons by uproar severed, like a flight of fowl scattered by winds and high, tempestuous gusts, oh, let me teach you how to knit again this scattered corn into one mutual sheaf. Could I buy a violin for thirty bob? We'll see."

Stonewell has a town hall, a public library, and thirty miles of municipal tramways. This so that you may form some idea of its potentialities. Buddington Bliss had not far to walk before he came on a violin. It rested, dust-covered and cobwebbed, in the window of one Reuben Snatch, cheek-by-jowl with a steel engraving of the Battle of Inkerman, a meerschaum skull-pipe, and a moth-eaten edition of Wesley's "Sermons." It was marked "Fine instrament seccond hand 35/-."

He bought it, complete with bow. A sad wreck of a violin, and a sadder wreck of a bow, carrying but half of its original hairs. But Buddington Bliss had genius, and that parody of a violin became a thing of magic in his hands. The tone was full, rich, beautiful, compelling. "Monastery Garden" was poured out full-throated, with all the seeming of a masterpiece. To the Hoffman "Barcarolle" was given a heart-wringing poignancy that it had never before known. Soon a crowd gathered. Commerce in the market place dwindled

to a standstill. The crowd gaped and was hushed. And when Buddington Bliss, in commanding attitude, gave them the pyrotechnics of the wondrous "Devil's Trill," they shouted, and clapped, and demanded more. Stonewell fell for Buddington Bliss, and the result was a harvest of coppers and silver amounting to five pounds, fifteen shillings, and ninepence.

Buddington Bliss played on. He played "Samson and Delilah." He played "Le Cygne." By one o'clock his earnings totalled ten pounds, six shillings, and sixpence.

Across the way was the establishment of one John Henry Waller, Antiques and Curios. J. H. Waller, business being slack, had been standing on his doorstep, listening to the music. Buddington Bliss, picking up a hatful of loose change, crossed the road and accosted him.

"I beg your pardon," he said, sweeping a courtly bow, "but I wonder if you would allow me to leave my violin here whilst I go to lunch?"

J. H. Waller beamed. "Pleasure," he said. "I've been listening. Never enjoyed anything so much in my life. That "Devil's Trill." Wonderful! You're a musician."

"Scarcely that," demurred Buddington Bliss. "Mere dexterity. Thank you for letting me leave the violin. I'm much obliged."

J. H. Waller placed the violin on his counter. Half an hour afterwards a bearded gentleman in a suit of sporty checks came in about some china. But when he saw the violin he straightway lost interest in the china.

"Very ancient old instrument," he remarked, adjusting his monocle the better to survey it. "Interesting. What's the figure?"

"There is no figure," said J. H. Waller. "It doesn't belong —"

"Wouldn't say it was *very* valuable," put in the sporty gent. "However, I'll risk a gamble. Give you ten pounds for it."

J. H. Waller was again about to deny ownership of the instrument, but he changed his mind. "Hullo!" he said to himself, "there's money in this. Might be an Amati, or a Strad. Hardly likely, though. Still, you never know."

Aloud, he said, shaking his head, "I'm afraid I couldn't accept that figure, sir."

The sporty gent picked it up, felt it, tapped it, examined the inside, plucked at a string, eyed it critically with his head on one side.

"Now," he said, "look here; I always play fair. If this were the real thing, I'd tell you so, and I'd make a fair offer. Know much about violins?"

"Not a great deal."

"Quite. Well, let me tell you that this isn't a Le Messie, or a Dolphin. Oh dear no. But it's comparatively valuable. I daresay, if I were to meet the right man, I could sell it for fifty pounds. I'll give you thirty for it. That a bargain?"

"That's a bargain. But you can't take it now."

"No?"

"You see, it was left in my care this morning by—er—a musician."

"Oh, I see. Think he'll sell?"

"I think you need have no fear of that."

"Then supposing I call back at, say, three o'clock?"

"That's the idea."

Buddington Bliss arrived at two o'clock. J. H. Waller was diplomatic. He said:

"About this violin of yours. I was rather taken with the tone. Would you care to sell it?"

"Sell it? Why, yes. What would you be prepared to pay?"

"Well, it's not very valuable. Not a Strad, or anything like that—ha! ha! But, as I said, I like the tone. I'll give you five pounds for it."

Buddington Bliss gave a slow smile. "Oho!" he said. "You're a dealer. If it's worth five pounds to you, it's worth more to me."

"Well," said J. H. Waller desperately, "what would you say to a tenner?"

Buddington Bliss picked up his instrument. "I'm going," he said.

"Where to?" cried the dealer in a panic.

"To some other dealer," said Buddington Bliss.

"Look here," said J. H. Waller. "Twenty-five pounds. I've got an offer of thirty for it. There you are."

"Done," said Buddington Bliss.

He pocketed his money. At the shop of Reuben Snatch they dug him out another violin, fine instrument, second-hand, 35/-.

At tea-time he entered the shop of W. A. Hill, antiques, pictures, and *bric-à-brac*. "Would you mind very much," he asked politely, "if I left my violin here for a little while. I'm just going to tea."

They are obliging folk in Stonewell.

But Buddington Bliss didn't go to tea. No. He went home to his diggings, and there he assumed a beard, a monocle, and a sporty check suit.

An artist, decidedly. C. H. B.

"THE FULLY-LICENSED MAN"

A reproduction of the drypoint etching by S. Van Abbé which is exhibited in this year's Academy. The portrayer of this "mine host" of the 20th century is well known to readers of "The Bystander," as his work is frequently seen in the pages of this newspaper. A limited edition of 100 signed and numbered impressions is being issued by Messrs. Frost and Reed, Ltd., 10, Clare Street, Bristol

W. S. Hutton

BY W. S. HUTTON

DELICATESSEN

MEL

P. Marmande

BY BRUNELLESCHI

ODIE

No. 1.—THE LATE MR. FRANK CURZON'S CALL BOY (by Hurry On—Comedienne). Trainer, MR. J. E. WATTS, Lansdowne House, Newmarket

Call Boy's career has been charged both with triumph and tragedy. The glamour of his brilliant and popular victory in the Derby was shadowed by the knowledge that his owner was hopelessly ill, though he saw the race and led in the winner. About a month later Mr. Curzon passed away, and now this famous colt is to be sold to the highest bidder. His sale will probably establish a new record price

PARISIANA By "René"

Illustrations by MARCEL PONCIN

Mes Amis,

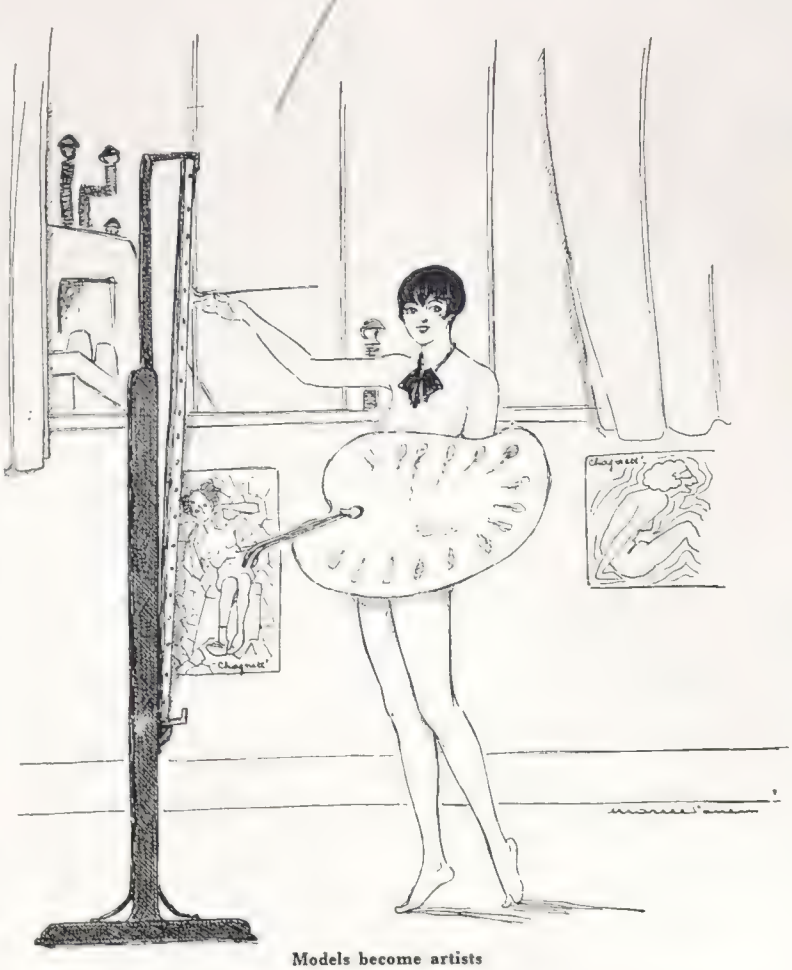
There is a man in Paris who is worth ten thousand pounds a year to the French Government, and though the Government is strenuously searching for him he continues, with unshaken determination, to conceal his identity. This exceptional individual is the only man in the country who can make the telephone work. He has established that it is possible to get a correct number instantaneously and also contrive to remain in connection with that number sufficiently long to get a reply when the answer involved a ten-minute wait. As this is the first time the feat has ever been performed in Paris, you will readily understand that a man who could show the authorities how it is done is easily worth the big salary mentioned.

As a matter of fact he would probably be clapped in prison if the police could but lay their hands on him, as he is the man who manœuvred the escape from prison of M. Leon Daudet, the Royalist leader, and this constitutes the crime of "usurpation of functions." But he would not stop there long. Telephone subscribers of Paris would probably rise as one man to demand his release and his appointment as chief of the Ministry of Posts, Telegraphs and Telephones, and if the Government did not bend it might even be broken and the prison stormed!

You, no doubt, will hardly appreciate the ecstasy of our hero-worship, because you imagine you have telephone troubles of your own, but I can assure you, with experience of both, that telephoning in London is paradise compared with Paris. It is an unfailing daily experience that when you are in conversation with a friend you are cut off and the engaged signal is given at both ends so that, try as you may, you cannot re-establish contact for half an hour—when you ascertain, of course, that neither of you has been engaged. At one thing the Paris telephonist is 100 per cent. efficient: that is, in cutting you off and then arguing that you hung the receiver up.

Even this would be tolerable if one could complain with satisfaction, but so far from a complaint being received with sympathy you are told in hectoring tones that it is you that is to blame, that you don't know how to use a telephone. The Ministry has even sent each one of us a *brochure* telling us how utterly incompetent we are. The author has gone to the extent of hiring an artist to show us in a series of caricatures what we look like. A woman subscriber who cannot ever get the number she wants is pictured with four chins and above eighteen stones of avoirdupois, but the girls at the exchange, who prevent her from having the number by sitting on the *pas libre* signal, are all slim and pretty.

"*Midinettes* go home early"



Models become artists

In the addition of insult to injury I have never known anything that could cope with this. It is bad enough for the poor woman to be told she is a fool, but to be pictured as an old and fat fool in the bargain strikes me as a masterpiece in impertinence. It is obvious that to pay the piper does not at all ensure the calling of the tune on the Paris telephones. Yet I suppose I must consider myself lucky because I am not lampooned over my own special grievance. Each morning I am awakened at seven-forty-five to be asked if I am Dunod's Library. At seven-forty-five in the evening I wouldn't mind, but a quarter to eight in the morning is night-time for me. What can people want with a

library at a quarter to eight? Nothing that libraries deal in can be needed for breakfast. I wouldn't resent being mistaken for a creamery—but a library, *c'est agaçant* And the minister blames me for it in his *brochure*. I would like to see the British Postmaster-General who dare try to retort like that.

"Cannot ever get the number"

THE notoriety earned by the rowdiness of the Quat'z' Arts ball has, for the last two or three years, prevented the medical students of Paris from sleeping soundly. They could not bear the thought of being eclipsed by the students of art. So, in deadly earnest, they set about organising an annual ball that would be like the Bal des Quat'z' Arts, only more so. This year, it can be frankly avowed, they succeeded. As a parade of complete liberty and unchecked licence, the Quat'z' Arts ball can write itself off as a back-number. The Bal de l'Internat, as the future doctors call their orgy, made the unconventional revels of the artists look like an overclothed assembly of calendar reformers.

"L'heure de l'aperitif"

IT went to such extremes, in fact, that the newspapers decided to say nothing about it, hoping, apparently, that the scandal would be of very limited proportions if it were stifled in a conspiracy of silence. But it is hard to maintain secrecy over an orgy that is not content with a huge ballroom but overflows into the street. The residents of the Boulevard St. Michel, who are a long way from being prudish, found it necessary to withdraw from the *cafés* that the *internes* and their *amies* invaded, and in one case a man had to cover the retreat of his wife with a revolver.

ONE of the puzzles to me about the Bal de l'Internat concerns the class from which are drawn the *demoiselles* who pass a night as Eves with shoes on. At the Bal des Quat'z' Arts they are, of course, models from the various schools or studios, and it is merely a case of a little overtime. But the models, who have a code of behaviour that often surprises strangers who wrongly imagine they can take liberties, do not go to the medical students' ball. Who, then, are the *remplaçantes?* They do not look like *infirmières,* and they cannot be *midinettes,* for *midinettes* go home early—before sunset in summer time. It is a problem that is difficult of solution, for you cannot tell a Parisienne's social rank merely from a pair of shoes.

SOME of our models, by the way, have decided to promote themselves to artists—if it is to be considered promotion after the shocks of some of the recent *salons.* No doubt they have come to the conclusion that the painting of pictures is easy after lying about for hours watching it done. Kiki and several others of almost equal fame have already had exhibitions of their paintings, and they were good enough to make some of the so-called artists feel jealous. There was the great advantage about them that you could tell what they were meant to be. They had put labels on.

BUT I do hope they will not swell the ranks of those who give us pictures of a *café* at *l'heure de l'apéritif.* If there is one subject that has earned a rest it is that one. There is much more attraction about a *café* at closing time, but our artists will insist on building their pictures round the insipid *apéritif.* I suppose I had better warn Marcel that on no account must he consider this allusion as an excuse for drawing a *café* at the *apéritif* hour himself or he will probably seize it with all the glee of the *apéritif* brotherhood RENÉ.

Quite on the Card

BY ILLINGWORTH

THE NOVICE: "What's the distance here? A full drive?"

FED-UP CADDY: "Yus, and then a brassie, an' four mashie shots an' a couple of knocks wiv a niblick an' six or seven putts"

Taking a Sporting View of Life

THE EXPEDITIONARY FORCE *Topical*

The British Women's Lawn Tennis Team photographed at Waterloo before starting on their journey to America to join the fight for the Wightman Cup. The group comprises Miss Betty Nuthall (left), Mrs. Hill, Miss Sterry, Miss E. Harvey, Major D. A. Larcombe, the manager, and Miss Joan Fry

Sport and General

A NORTHERN WINNER

J. Brock (Prestwick St. Nicholas), who beat J. Birnie, Jun. (Inverness), in the Cruden Bay Amateur Golf Championship

Topical

YACHTING AT BANGOR

A group taken on board Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht "Shamrock" at the Royal Ulster Yacht Club's Annual Regatta at Bangor. Capt. Sycamore (left), Mrs. Paisley, Major Heckstall Smith, Miss May Wilson, and Colonel Duncan Neill are here seen basking in a little bit of real summer

Sport and General

AT CRUDEN BAY

J. Birnie, Jun. (Inverness), who met J. Brock (Prestwick) in the final of the Cruden Bay Amateur Golf Tournament

England's Athletic Triumph Over America

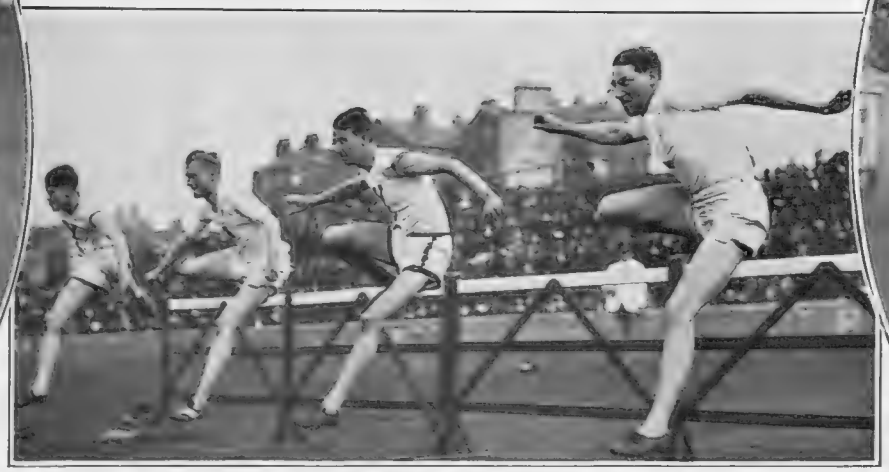
THE VISITORS *Topical*

The combined team of athletes from the Universities of Yale and Harvard which competed against Oxford and Cambridge at Stamford Bridge. Contrary to expectations, the visitors lost by five events to seven

Sport and General

AT THE FINISH

D. G. White (Oxford) winning the Mile by two yards from E. C. Haggerty (Harvard). His time was 4 mins. 27 1-5 secs.



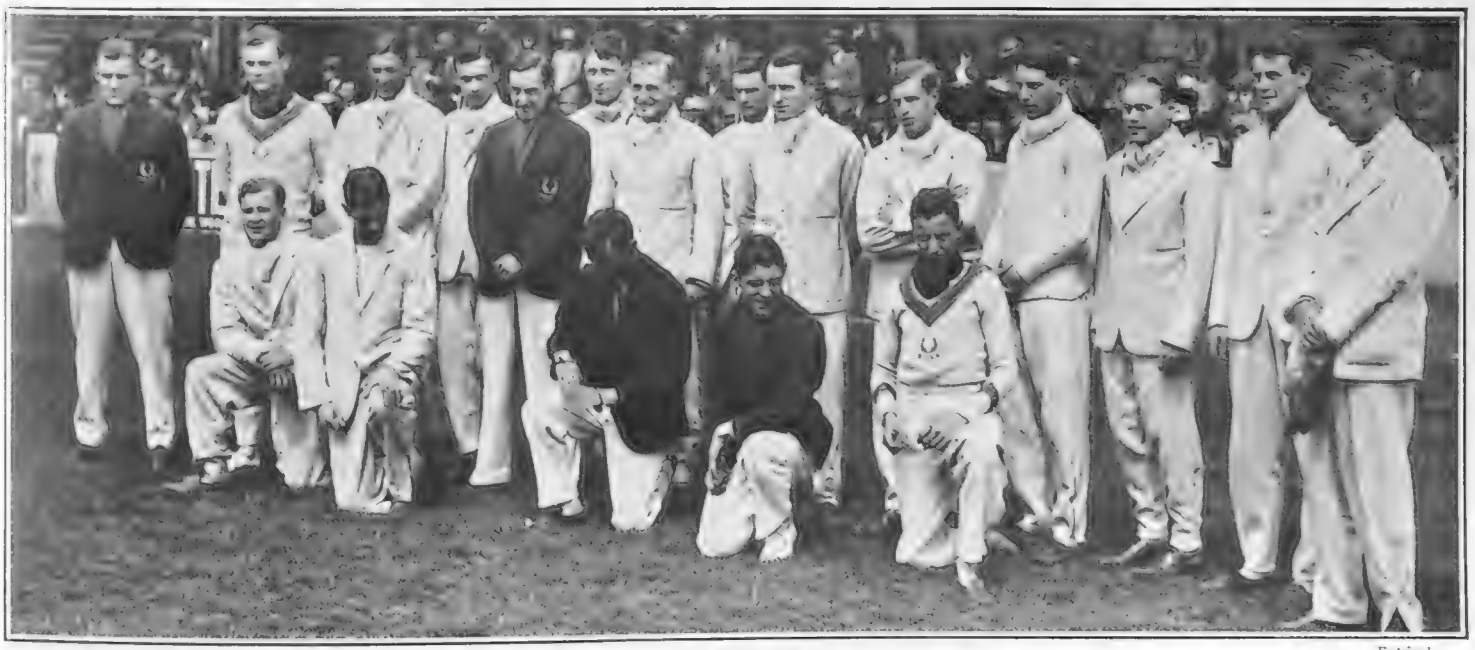
IN FULL FLIGHT *Topical*

The start of the 120 Yards Hurdles. The photograph shows D. M. Campbell, of Yale (left), Lord Burghley (Cambridge), F. K. Sheldon (Yale), and G. C. Weightman-Smith (Cambridge). The last-named beat Lord Burghley by inches

Photopress

AN EASY WIN

M. L. Smith (Yale) winning the Three Miles by 120 yards. H. M. O'Connor, of Oxford, was second



THE WINNERS *Topical*

The Oxford and Cambridge athletes photographed before their victory over their American rivals at Stamford Bridge. They confounded the critics who prophesied defeat

GLOBE AND OTHER TROTTINGS

By YOGO HAMA *Illustrations by OKUN INGAMAI*

"'Kindly to decant, Sir Yogo, your opinions . . . of Hail Columbia'"

Most Dear Hon. Bystanders,

More as 1-ce I have depicted how a 1,000 times more better it are to be a happy nonentity person at, very perhapsly, 30/- per weekly, than to achieve to become frightfully renowned at more or less as 5,000£s per annum. O better indeedly a contented heart with 5 or 7 bonish *bairns* (Highlandish for infantines) than a non-nuptialled and non-bairned genius person who cannot succeed to enjoy the so sweetish domestics of humble life, but always must live under the noisy glare of publicity limelight. I trust to sincerely hope that my youthish readers of all sexes will strenuously non-seek to emulate my so great fame as a leading *literati* but, entirely to the contrary, strive to achieve a humble and pious vocation. Only thusly will they succeed to be safe from the enormous perils and cataclysmics which, like the dagger of Hon. Sir Damocles, are sustained above the heads of the great and famous by not any more as a single thread.

I are constrained to make these so pure and ecclesiastical thoughts because of a very shocking insinuendo which has been aimed to my head by a so-called weaker-sex vessel. It are dated from Swampville, Conn., as per follows :—

"To Y. Hama, from the Ladies of Swampville, Conn.—Sir :—You are no better as a murderer and deserve to be richly hung. I refer to the as follows extraction from your degraded and despicable diary which not any but the lowest of low-minded persons would soil themselves to read : 'Saidly fortunateless quadrapetal (*i.e.*, the aquatic camel) was now emitting painful bellows of chagrin as it ploughed the waves in pursuit.' If we had succeeded to know of your appallish callosity to the sufferings of 1 of our poor dumb brothers, we should have lynched you from limb to limb so soon as you set feet on the sacred, free, enlightened and polluteless shores of Hail Columbia. We trust to hope that the camel you so foulishly deserted will haunt you to death and cause you to succumb with awful horrors. You much more deserve to suffer lynching than even the fiendish negro which our so brave and noble boys caused to be killed the other day for winking at a white woman. I warrant to bet you will receive a warmish reception if ever any of our 100% masculine he-boys get their mits on you. Julia K. Kovotsky, (Prsdnt Swampville Humane Society)."

Permit I should inform saidly ladies (very *sic*) that Hon. camel followed us to Hail Columbia and waded himself ashore not a 1d the worse because, while swimming, he lived on his hump which provided him adequate nourishments. I flatter myself to hope that my intelligentless and pith-brained accusers will now permit I should continue my depictings. This correspondents must now cease.

Feb. 23-rd. (*a* and *p.m.*) The s.s. *Bird of Freedom* had scarcely succeeded to heave down her anchor, when a youthish person attired in horn spectacles and an enormously huge cigar (which are the national costume of this so amazing country) leapt himself on board and approached me with a very out-size note book.

"I are the reportings person and scoopings merchant of the *Hail Columbian Daily Eagle*," he informed, puffing a very *h.p.* blast of 5% tobacco smoke

(Continued on page 136)

"'The Hail Columbians achieve to be the most free . . .'"

Going Racing Down Chepstow Way

LADY GLANELY, THE HON. MRS. MUNDY AND MRS. R. H. WILLIAMS

MRS. LAIDLAW, MAJOR THE HON. W. R. BAILEY AND MRS. GREGSON ELLIS

Photographs

LORD QUEENBOROUGH AND MISS KIRBY

LADY SLADE

Alfieri

MRS. DE WINTON AND LORD KENYON

A camera selection from Chepstow, where many well-known people went racing recently. The presence of so many umbrellas bears testimony to the uncertainty of the July weather

in my face. "Kindly to decant, Sir Yogo, your opinions and impressions of Hail Columbia and denizens of same."

"I consider Hail Columbia to non-dubitably be the most extensive country I have ever clapt feet on," I responsed. "It are not any wonder the Hail Columbians achieve to be the most free, enlightened, pious, moral, brave, handsome, cultured and modest people in the world. This so glorious land, whose atmospherics are so pure and free that no slave can breathe them but must expire *instanter,* are the only spot left where the impoverish, the trodden-on, the innocent victims of iron heels and other patent oppressions, can fly to secure refuge and be received with open arms, kindness and no questions. In this so noble hemisphere, the poor and afflict are cause to feel at home and are tenderly cherished till they attain sufficient strengths to perform gentle but lucrative toils."

"By heck, that's fine, Sir Yogo. Now re concerning our millionaires?"

"They are," I responsed, "non-doubtlessly the most greatest blessing since gun-powder. These so noble men, toiling more as 24 hours per *diem,* seek to only promulgate pious deeds and make this world a more better globe to live in. I could almost imburst with tears to think of these so gallant souls, labouring per night and day for the good of their impoverish brothers and other cashless kin. Do these angelic benefactors seek to only make millions for themselves? A 100—nay, a 1,000 times nope! Money are more less as the rust which never stains their swords. It are this so great love and benevolents of the Hail Columbian millionaires which cause to suffuse with shameful blushings the heartless cheeks of the so wicked and benignless capitalist persons of Grt. Britain, who seek to only become dukes and earls and grind up the faces of the poor. Permit I should now imbibe a pint of breath."

"Are non-paralleled . . . for their domestic virtues and theological beauty"

"What, Sir Yogo, are your opinions of the Hail Columbian femns?"

"Alasy," I responsed, "to endeavour to adequately describe these terrestrial *houries* would necessitate the voice of the lark, the vocabular of Sir Shakespear and the pen of an Ovid. The so late Lady Helen Troy would look more cheap as 5 cents if juxtaposed against 1 of your so priceless peaches. There cannot be a shadow of doubting that the Hail Columbiaettes are non-paralleled in the habituated globe for their domestic virtues and theological beauty. It are they who have caused this luscious land to be looked up at with admiration, envy, respect and awe by all members of the civilised earth. It are they," I waxed, "who have elevated this noble archipelago to occupy the serene and beneficient latitudes which it adorns to-day."

"Say, I guess you're one of the few foreign guys who have succeeded to understand us," said the scoopings merchant removing a tear from his spectacles. "Come ashore and have a high-ball."

Yogo Hama

SEEKING A SHORE SUCCESS

By Rick Elmes

"Come on, Marjory! Let's have a dip"

"Oh, wait till they've finished looking at the aeroplane"

LES POUDRES COTY

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COTY Face Powders *impart to the complexion a truly lasting beauty—soft, smooth, marvellously pure, they create gentle protection from sun and wind. Luxury of perfect quality—the glamour of inimitable perfume.* COTY Compacte *in the same delightful shades and fragrances for the essential away-from-home touches.*

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RACHEL No. 1 RACHEL No 2
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THE CHARLESTON

AS SEEN AT MONTMARTRE

The Feminist Movement

High stepping—with an eye to the gallery!

Those tricky jump steps

The real thing

Businesslike, but enjoyable

Yet another 'sister" act

Head and foot work by the coiffeur

A better weight reducer than dieting

The first steps are the hardest

BY ROSE LE QUESNE

Madame Vogel

The NEXT word in Paris Fashions

THE NEW MODE OF PRINTED EVENING FROCKS

BY OUR SPECIAL PARIS CORRESPONDENT

FROCKS for the afternoon in printed fabrics are always the great success of the spring and summer seasons, and this year their vogue has been as great as ever. But a new mode has been introduced and readily adopted: I mean the mode of printed chiffon or *crêpe* georgette frocks for the evening. This mode was launched by the smartest Parisian houses—Chanel, Molyneux, Worth, etc.—and it is usual to see at the fashionable restaurants of the Bois and in the night cabarets of Paris smart women dressed in flowered filmy fabrics.

Chiffon is the fabric most used for these models, and a black, white, or very pale pastel ground is chosen. A black ground with bright flowers over it is very effective, but at this time of the season the preference is generally given to white chiffon with large flowers or bouquets in soft pastel shades. Sometimes the printed fabric is, moreover, *broché* with gold or silver—as is the case in the Molyneux model shown on this page—which gives it added richness.

Printed fabrics being so decorative no other trimming is required, and a simple little frock of a good line and cut—which in a plain fabric would look uninteresting—is striking when the material is well chosen.

A border of plain chiffon or a yoke—as on the charming frock from Worth—is the most one can do in the way of decoration. For greater effect a flower can be worn pinned to the shoulder or at the waist, and in this case it must be as near as possible like the one designed on the fabric.

A very charming evening frock from WORTH, carried out in printed white chiffon with pastel-coloured flowers. The yoke of the low-necked top and the upper part of the draped skirt are in plain black chiffon. The strass buckle fashioned in the form of a flat bow should be noticed

MOLYNEUX presents this pretty dancing frock, carried out in black flowered chiffon and worn over a black satin slip. The top blouses slightly and the shaped skirt forms points of irregular lengths.

Very smart evening frock from MOLYNEUX in printed and broché chiffon, having vivid coloured flowers on a black ground. The gold thread forms an individual design over the printed one. The skirt of this model is made of two shaped panels disposed in a rounded movement on the hips and meeting in front

Continued from page 139.

Madame Vogue

FROCKS for the Summer must be simple and easy to wear. They are made in shantung, *toile de soie*, and plain or printed *crêpe de Chine*

1 2 3

4 5

1. In white crêpe de Chine or toile de soie, this pretty model, which will make a useful tennis frock. It is becomingly decorated with narrow inserts of the same fabric. Narrow red leather belt worn on a yoke tightening the hips.

2. In sky-blue shantung, this straight and simple frock trimmed with matching soutache. Note the top crossed to the side and buttoned on top. The trimming of soutache can be replaced by silk stitching.

3. Mais coloured crêpe or shantung frock with a slightly blousing bodice trimmed with bands of the same fabric buttoned at the waist and décolleté. The straight skirt has pinces on top at the sides, giving the necessary fullness.

4. Very smart summer frock in plaid foulard with a white gilet sewn to the straight skirt and over it a short bolero-like top buttoning with four buttons. Eton collar and red tie.

5. This pretty summer frock is in printed crêpe de Chine and trimmed with bands of plain crêpe matching the ground. Note the band on the bodice indicating a high waistline.

THE problem of summer toilettes is not difficult nowadays: a plain little frock, easy to wash and in which you feel comfortable, will give you the modern youthful silhouette, and you are sure to look smart, provided that the right fabric, colour and details are well chosen.

Toile de soie, shantung, and washable *crêpe de chine* are advisable, these fabrics being fashionable and practical at the same time. The best colours are: white, sky-blue, *mais* and straw yellows and light green. Printed *crêpe* in small designs, dots and checks, are also good, especially combined with a plain fabric of a colour matching the ground.

A large straw capeline or a small felt hat are equally appropriate to accompany such frock.

Vitality

Delicious 'Ovaltine' is as good as a Summer Holiday for building-up a store of Vitality and Health.

'OVALTINE'

TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

IN LOTUS LAND

By Blanchette

Illustrations by HELEN McKIE

"Fall in for cocktails"

In the West Countree, *July* 18.

Dear Cousin,—

Yes, have taken the plunge, so to speak, and spite of a little bit of Season yet ahead, *me voici* here in wild Western England now . . . which is, believe me, quite the place to be, too, now mid-July's here. Fact is, all amid the quite-pleasing-up-to-a-point turmoil of the Season's joys, someone sent me a letter from somewhere that they called the Valley of Fuchsias, complete with snapshot thereof, and there it lay neglected for days and days on my desk at the sunny south window that overlooks the chestnut trees. Simply didn't dare to glance at it again, I didn't, for fear of being tempted from the straight path of dutiful pleasure, that social calendar which is written in terms of Bond Street and Piccadilly, Ranelagh and Hurlingham and Lord's, with a dash of Leicester Square and Soho and such-like places, whereto only taxi-drivers and night club experts really know the way.

But all of a sudden-like it happened—and in a trice, as they say in the books of yesterday (what *is* a trice, by the way, and why?), I found myself comfily seated in my luxurious Class I Southern comp., with golf clubs and ceteras on rack, busily buzzing away wild-westwards, and every minute a mile or so more cut off from London, home and duty, and a mile or thereabouts nearer to Lotus Land and the impossibility of being earnest.

But—as they also put it in the ancient literature aforementioned—I digress, methinks. Wherefor your pardon, dear cousin, but in sooth on holiday, life (if at all properly lived) does seem just one dam'd digression after another (as Mr. Cochran would say). *Are* people, I know, who map 'em all out, their holiday days I mean, and burst in on to family breakfast table at hotel or *pension* with severe and stern questionings about "Well, and what's the programme for to-day?" And aren't happy (if you can call it that) till they've worked out a time-table for every hour, minute, and sec. from 9 a.m. till bedtime. As *e.g.* and *par exemple*:—

9 a.m.—Breakfast.
9.30—Parade for golf or lawn tennis.
12.—Bathing parade.
12.45.—Fall in for cocktails (or milk and soda).
1-2.—Lunch.
2.30.—Parade for lawn tennis or golf.
4.30-5.30.—Community tea party.
5.30-7.—Walk over cliffs.
7.—Dress for dinner.
7.30.—Dinner.

"My luxurious Class I Southern comp."

And probably I daresay at 10.30 they all fall in again for "God Save the King" and bed, only luckily we generally manage to lose sight of that excellent breed of persons who doubtless have made England what she is hours and hours and hours before *that*.

But, you know, this Devon—somehow it seems positively to get into your head, the glorious, grand, and yet so somehow soothing beauty of it all. Even here as I write in my room it's adorable (and it's deplorable, as they put it in *Lido Lady*, that you were never there, if you weren't). Great masses of deep green woods rising to dunnamany hundreds or thousands of feet in front of me as I gaze out of my old cottage window on the left, and in front the glorious dark or light blue sea dashing or strolling into the bay, according as how the sky goes and how it hits on sand or rocks on the way in. A couple of

(Continued on page 144.)

"A couple of white cottages perched half-way up"

A Bow Belle

Clara Bow, the popular American film star, sits the plank. She has been selected from many applicants to play lead in what is described as a "super bathing production" to be filmed at Hollywood

G.P.U.

white cottages perched half-way up opposite, some birds that make frequent and fairly tuneful noises, half a dozen local inhabitants passing remarks about the weather, a soft scented air (uncommonly relaxing) floating about. And the rest is silence—but for a little argument that happens to be going on down below between Hamlet, the chocolate-coloured spaniel, and Timmy, the white-clad and pink-toed Sealyham, who have just challenged each other to a wrestling match, partly on general principles and also because of the immediate presence of a disputed bone.

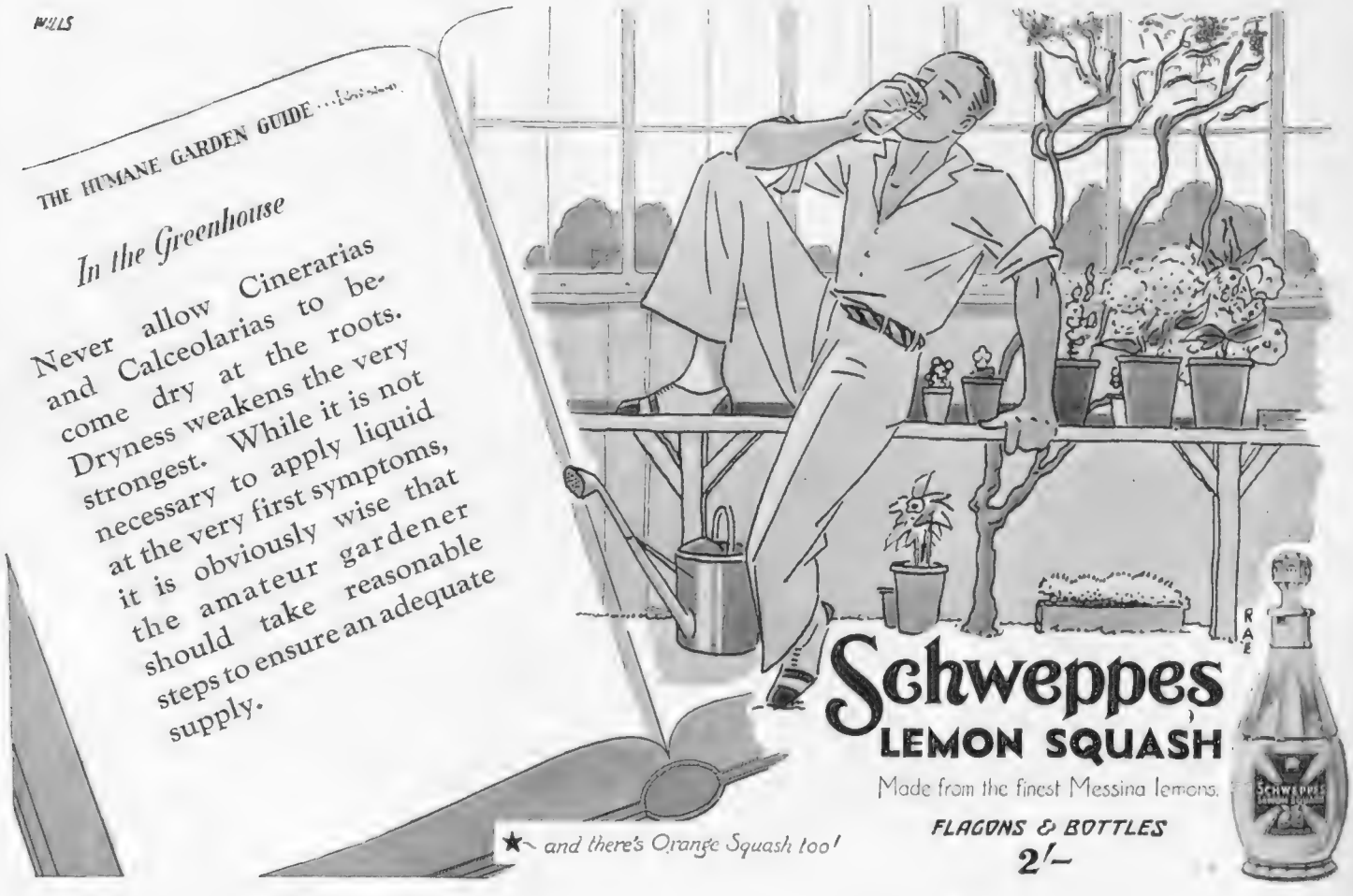
EVEN to the golf links, oddest of all, extends this local lotus-like influence—though of all things you'd think, wouldn't you, that golf was least like a friendly joke. But then the links, too, in this Valley of Lee, where there were once three famous old maids whose cottage is shown to this day, are also something of a rather colossalish jest, if you've only got the energy to enjoy it. Down precipitous precipices you go, and then up impossible mountain-sides—the ball is vigorously beaten into the blue, and you think you've lost it for ever, but lo and behold there it is, patiently and forbearingly waiting to receive the next stroke.

"The earnest kind"

AND talking of golf, rather pleasant, is not it, even in this most serious and meticulous of games (so-called), to find your approach to, say, the second green heralded to you by a delicious scent of meadowsweet and honeysuckle that's been all arranged as an extra reward for reaching it, so to speak. And then to progress to a third tee well-nigh overgrown with foxgloves—really and truly you don't so very much mind even biffing your ball with a dull thud on the absolute summit or top thereof amid such-like sweet and picturesque surroundings. Not if you're a genuine holiday golfer, that is . . . but, of course, there *are* others. The earnest kind—you meet 'em quite near here, for instance at Saunton, which they say is going to knock Westward Ho! right off the map as a champion course, and it sure is (or they are) some wonderful links. But oh, the people you meet (or don't meet, with luck) in the local tea-room—stern-faced Scottish-looking gents with white moustaches and wrinkles all over their faces, who you're sure would report you to the Committee if you wasted the club's time frivolously lighting a cigarette between strokes or walked near the greens in ordinary sensible high heels!

With love, Yours ever,

BLANCHETTE.



The two *necessities* of a lady's toilet

as used by most women and particularly the following famous actresses:

Miss Yvonne Arnaud
Miss Margaret Bannerman
Miss Edna Best
Miss Fay Compton
Miss Phyllis Dare
Miss Zena Dare
Miss Edith Day
Miss Dorothy Dickson
Miss Evelyn Laye
Miss Vera Lennox
Miss Winnie Melville
Miss Eva Moore
Miss Ellaline Terriss
Miss Sybil Thorndike
Miss Madge Titheradge

There are two things that are of prime importance to a lady's toilet; two things that are, in fact, utterly essential if her skin is to retain its youthful appearance and her complexion the rosy glow of radiant health. Long ago their value was recognised by leading actresses and other women in the public eye; to-day the demand for Pond's Two Creams is all but universal.

Pond's Cold Cream first, for as an aid to cleanliness it is quite without equal. Used several times a day and *always* just before retiring, its gentle oils not only feed the skin, but penetrate deep into the pores, bringing to the surface the hidden dust and dirt particles that vanish for ever when the cream is wiped away with a soft towel.

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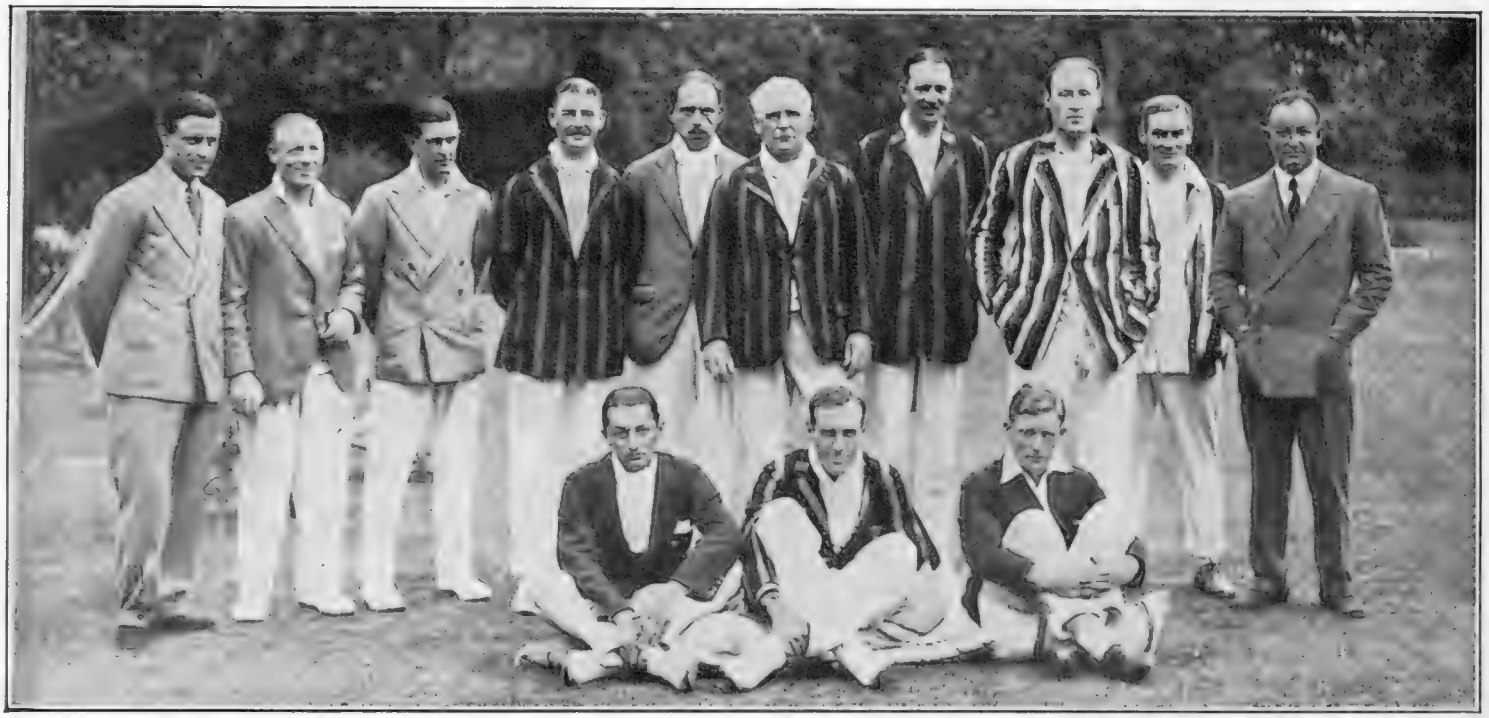
Summer Sport—By Kind Permission



Keystone

A VILLAGE GREEN MATCH

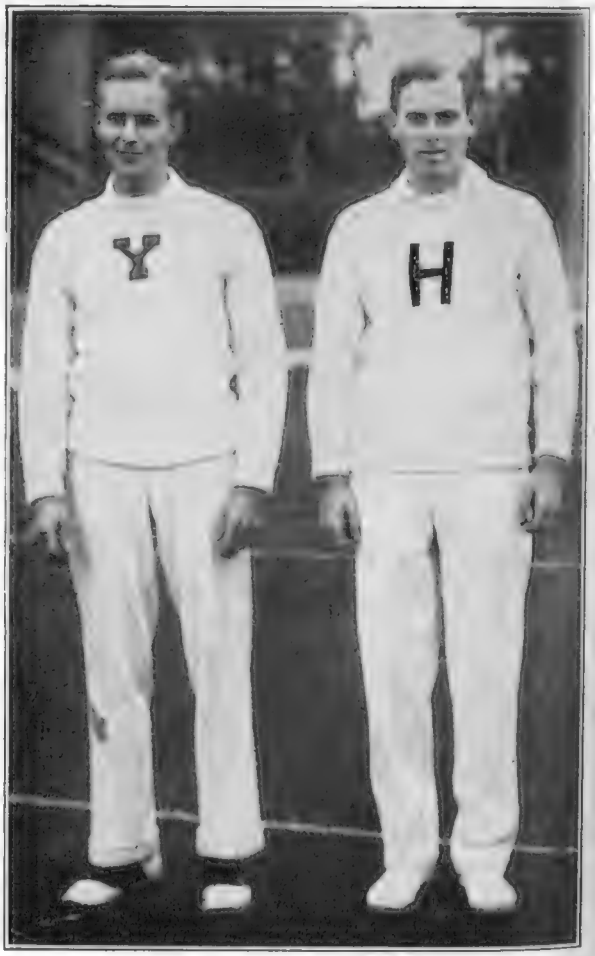
An interesting cricket match was the one between Miss Gladys Cooper's XI and Buck's Club XI, which took place on the village green at Charlwood, Surrey. The group includes the following members of Buck's Club team: Mr. H. W. Lee, Col. H. Coome, Mr. T. Hart, Capt. J. Hope, Mr. R. H. Fox, Mr. E. J. North, Mr. H. de Trafford, Mr. E. H. Tattersall, Mr. R. Raphael, Mr. R. N. Cranlesdon, Mr. J. A. Brock and Captain Buckmaster

OUT OF THE SADDLE *L. N. A*

The Jockeys' XI which recently waged its annual cricket battle against members of the Racing Press. Many of the jockeys proved that they can drive as well as they can ride, and beat their opponents by ten runs

THE LOSERS *L. N. A*

The XI representing the Racing Press which recently met the Jockeys at Exning House, Lord Glanely's residence at Newmarket. Despite a century by Geoffrey Gilbey, the bowling of Carslake and G. Walsh proved too good for them



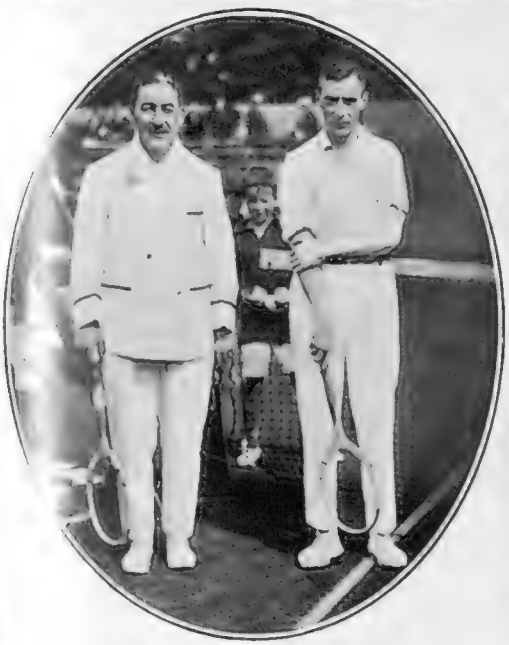
AMERICAN VISITORS *Topical*

T. B. McGlinn (left) and M. T. Hill, two members of the lawn tennis teams from Yale and Harvard Universities who are visiting this country for a series of matches. Their first match took place last week at Newcastle-on-Tyne

of the Clerk of the Weather

ON THE ISIS *Central News*

The Balliol College Eight out for a practice spin before going to Norway at the invitation of Prince Olaf, the Norwegian Crown Prince. They stayed at the Christiania Rowing Club, against whom, and other Norwegian clubs, they rowed



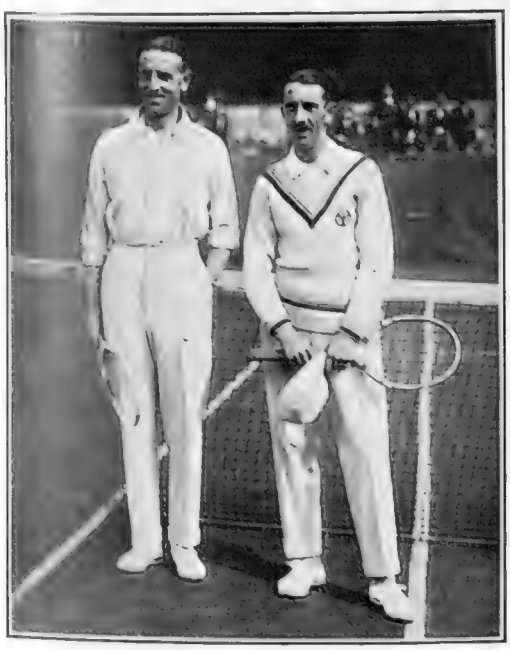
Topical

AN IRISH PAIR

L. A. Mildon (left) and E. D. Macrea, who played for Ireland in the recent match against England. It took ce at Wilton Place, Dublin, in excellent weather

THE LORD'S MATCH *Sport and General*

The Players team who met the Gentlemen this year at Lord's. This is always one of the premier games of the season, and usually affords a dour struggle



TWO VICTORS *Topical*

C. G. Eames (left) and G. R. O. Crole-Rees, who represented England in the recent international match against Ireland. England won by 4 matches to 2

THE GENTLEMEN *Sport and General*

Who scored 276 on the first day against the Players at Lord's, D. R. Jardine making the magnificent total of 123 before being l.b.w. to Hearne The second day was marred by rain and the game fizzled out in a draw

LEST YOU FORGET

By "THE KENNELMAN"

WE'RE most of us migratory birds nowadays, and great is the hegira at the end of this month. With regard to it, "The Kennelman" has this observation to make:—However pressing the rest of your *banderbast* for the trek, and wherever you're bound for, *don't forget your Dogs.* Good and loyal members of the household always, they can't assert themselves much in the discussion of holiday resorts, but—*noblesse oblige*—they do deserve affectionate consideration in your plan-making. Lodging with a neighbour may be all right for one or two—if the neighbour himself is all right. Going to the Vet.'s is about on a par with being left at school through the holidays. House caretakers are sometimes pretty indifferent, if not hostile, where canine members of the family are concerned. There are some very good Dogs' boarding establishments within easy reach of London and most other big centres. The worst fate of all for your Dogs, and one for which you'll earn a big and indelible black mark in the Recording Angel's book, is being left to take their chance, with a casual sort of overlooking—likely itself to be overlooked — by neighbours. And the best fate of all for these good all-the-year-round pals is to be taken with you. The railway fares really don't amount to an awful lot; and whether it's countryside or seaside, southern meadows or highland moors, no other member of the family will play up better, or show more enthusiasm, than the Dogs on holiday. Come what may, please be sure you earn no serious black mark by failing to make foolproof arrangements for adequate meals, freedom and exercise.

Wherever the holiday spirit takes you, in these islands, you will find Dog shows—see local news sheets—and sometimes very good ones. Among the moors and fells there will be Hound Trailing and Sheepdog Trials, extremely well worth watching; just as shepherds and their Dogs are generally worth cultivating. And right now it's worth while to make a note of the fact that the end of September (28th and 29th), brings the most important doggy event of the year. Needless to say, the one question is the Kennel Club's 66th Annual Show, at the Crystal Palace.

However far out of town one may be at the time, the K.C. show is worth visiting. Its exhibits and those who show and judge them come from as far afield as the Orkneys and Land's End. Aside from the fact that you can see all the best Dogs there, it's no small privilege to have the opportunity of getting into touch, under one roof and at one time, with the most understanding of doggy enthusiasts and authorities; not excluding the informed if humble tribe of kennelmen and maids. Whatever else they miss, they mostly land up at the Palace for the K.C. Show, like their fathers and mothers before them, since mid-Victorian days. One reader of these Notes, now in Nigeria, writes that though the date of his leave will make him too late for the London season's *tamashas,* he is already booked to attend the K.C. Show, with his father, who has missed only one of them in half a century! "He has the highest praise for the character and capacity of the sporting Dogs they bred and showed before I was born, but says that in points, and physique and type, we've made such progress that some of the winners of his youth would hardly be admitted into their respective judging rings to-day."

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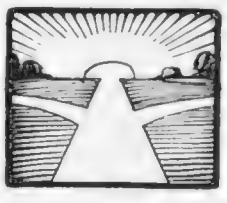

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Paul.

who has given the North British Hotel at Edinburgh a European reputation for its cuisine, says: "**Sometimes I wait for the customer to ask for the Lea & Perrin with his grill—just for the pleasure it gives me to compliment him on his perfect taste!**"

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LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

POLO

THE CAMBRIDGE TEAM

The Cambridge team which met Oxford in the Inter-University Polo match at Hurlingham, Oxford winning by eight goals to three. The photograph shows Mr. A. S. Gaselee (Charterhouse and Trinity) 3, Mr. J. G. Morrison (Eton and Magdalene), Captain, back, Mr. D. P. G. Moseley (Harrow and Pembroke) 2, and Mr. G. C. Pryce-Rice (Eton and Trinity) 1

Bravo, the Gunners

I AM inclined to think that nothing better for regimental polo could have occurred than the victory of the Royal Artillery in the Army Championship. We admire the wonderful consistency of the 17th/21st Lancers, but they had an extraordinarily long run in the Inter-regimental tournaments, and it is all for the good of the game that the honours should have gone in another direction this season. In writing on the tournament before the final tie was played I am afraid I took it for granted that the Lancers would gain yet another victory. It certainly did look long odds on Colonel Lockett's team beating the Gunners, just as they did in the final two or three seasons ago. You will remember that the Royal Artillery only just scraped through the semi-final rounds, beating the 11th Hussars by the margin of a single goal. This form did not look quite good enough for the final, but the Gunners put up a magnificent display against the holders, and richly deserved their triumph.

"Jock" Campbell

UNTIL comparatively recent years nobody regarded the Royal Artillery as formidable contestants for the championship of Army Polo. But thanks largely to the schooling and fine example of Colonel Hutchison they have built up a really powerful and well-balanced side. The Colonel himself is now attached to the Equitation School at Weedon, so he was not a member of the regimental team this season. The star performer on the winning side was Mr. "Jock" Campbell. For this player I have made the claim that if he could play in the best polo for a season or two on high-class ponies, he would develop form which would not be below the international standard. I am glad to say that in the Inter-regimental final he more than justified the good things which I have written about him. He was certainly the hero of the match, being almost invariably in the right place at the right moment. The exceptional strength of his hitting was a most important factor in view of the extremely heavy state of the ground. He was able to get a greater length on the ball than any other player on the field, not even excepting Colonel Lockett.

NOTES

Good Tactics

WHAT is more, Mr. Campbell's tactics were above reproach. He repeatedly placed the ball in an excellent position for his forwards. Undoubtedly it was the outstanding brilliance of this player which turned the scale in favour of the Gunners. It cannot be said that the losers played below their best form. As a fact, they had fully as much of the game as the others, and had more chances of scoring goals. Had they taken advantage of all their scoring possibilities they would have retained possession of the championship.

At Deauville

BRIGADIER-GENERAL T. H. S. MARCHANT, who so ably directs polo affairs at Hurlingham, has been appointed manager of the polo at Deauville, where the season begins this week and extends until September. A most attractive programme of tournaments has been arranged, and it is hoped that several teams from England will be on the scene. I am told that twenty rooms are being reserved at the Royal Hotel for English players, who will be given specially advantageous terms. Excellent arrangements have also been made for the accommodation of ponies and grooms. Briefly, it is hoped to make the Deauville season an international one in the real sense.

A. W. COATEN.

BYSTANDER BRIDGE

THE PRE-EMPTIVE RAISE

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

LAST week I gave an example illustrating the value of the pre-emptive raise to the No-Trump bidder. This week I show how the same principle applies to a major suit bid and how games and rubbers may be made by it—or saved by it.

The principle I advocate is when you have sound support for your partner's bid, put him up in his suit at once to the full value of your hand, whether there has been an intervening bid or not, before fourth hand has a chance of speaking.

	S.—4, 2. H.—J, 9, 8, 6, 4, 2. D.—K, Q, 10, 5. C.—3.	
S.—Q, 10, 8, 6. H.—7. D.—A, 8, 3. C.—A, 9, 6, 5, 4.	Y A B Z	S.—K, J, 9, 7, 5, 3. H.—Q. D.—6, 4. C.—K, J, 10, 7.
	S.—A. H.—A, K, 10, 5, 3. D.—J, 9, 7, 2. C.—Q, 8, 2.	

This distribution of cards from a hand which occurred in actual play was set by me at a tournament where the players were given prearranged hands to see who could make the highest score.

At game all Z deals and bids "One Heart." A says, "No bid." The result depends upon the action of Y.

The best bid is four or five hearts by Y.

At every table except one Y passed the initial "One Heart," B showed Spades, and the bidding was carried to five Spades against five Hearts. At one table B made his contract, losing one Heart and one Spade, as he was able to throw his losing Diamond on the long Clubs.

But this was due to bad play on the part of Z. After making his first trick in Hearts Z should lead a Diamond. If he does that and pursues the suit when he gets in with his Ace of Spades, B must be one down on his contract.

However, at any table where five Spades were called B was only one down on his contract and saved game and rubber.

At one table only did Y bid "Five Hearts" straightaway, B and Z passed, and A, on the strength of his two Aces, doubled, giving Z Y the highest score. Z made game and rubber, losing only one Club and one Diamond.

. . . . . .

The point to notice about this hand is that when once Z has mentioned Hearts, Y must be determined that the hands shall be played in that suit. It is therefore "up to him" to *pre-empt to the hilt* before B has a chance of speaking.

It is futile and silly for Y either to pass without saying a word or to make a feeble raise of two or three. Y should at once say "Four Hearts," if not five.

B is now in a difficult position. His hand does not justify in any way a four Spade bid, although he suspects the adversaries of trying to shut him out.

No one but a very speculative flag-flier would dream of bidding four Spades on his hand.

If he does the bidding is not yet over, and Z on his partner's pre-emptive raise is justified in going to five Hearts.

Then comes A's problem. Should he raise to five Spades or double five Hearts?

If he elects "Five Spades," Y must chance "Six Hearts" on his freak holding. But if A doubles five Hearts all is well for Y and Z.

An initial raise to five Hearts by Y undoubtedly would end the bidding. Not even the most confirmed flag-flier dare risk a bid of five Spades against it, and if it is doubled by A, so much the better.

THEY BOUGHT THE *RIGHT* CHOCOLATES

Drawn by Septimus E. Scott.

Presentable men—each with a presentable gift. They are all so nice one hardly knows which to choose. However, though a girl can hardly accept three suitors at the same time, it would be ungracious to refuse the chocolates. Besides, it should be noted, all three boxes are Rowntree's York—alike in quality, but each assortment with its own charming individuality.

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Femina

HOUSE DECORATING AT THE ACADEMY

By MRS. M. VINCE

THIS year's Academy is very interesting to the house-decorator. There are nearly twenty paintings in which the subject is a room, besides a number more in which figures are seen in rooms. There is every sort of room, from drawing-rooms at Buckingham Palace to farmhouse sitting-rooms and artist's studios. There are old-fashioned rooms and there are ultra-modern rooms. There are rooms which make the mistake of having only one colour, rooms which make the mistake of trying to have every colour, and rooms which make the mistake of having hardly any colour.

IT would be very interesting to have all the interiors together on one wall, and so arranged that they would show up one another's qualities and defects. I think that one would arrange them something like this: First, one would put the old-fashioned rooms. There are two of these. They are both one-colour rooms, and the colour is red. They both have red walls, with white paint, and red carpets. One of them has red covers to its chairs and heavy red plush curtains, looped up in the old-fashioned way, with inner curtains of white net—a solid, substantial, ugly room. The other relieves the monotony of its red with a stuffed bird. A few years ago—so quickly do the meanings of colours change—they would have been Imperial rooms. To-day they would be suspected of being Bolshevist rooms. As a matter of fact, they were probably intended simply to be cosy rooms, in the mistaken idea that the more red one had the warmer the room would be.

NEXT to these one would put the ultra-modern rooms. Of these there are two kinds—the room of all the colours and the room of hardly any colour. There are two rooms of all the colours. One has a deep-blue ceiling above white walls, a vivid blue screen, a gilt-wood chair with an emerald-green cover, a scarlet rug with a black border, and a mother-of-pearl cabinet.

THE other room of all the colours is a bedroom. It has emerald-green walls and a purple carpet covering the whole floor, rose-coloured curtains, rose covered chairs, lockers, gold candlestick-shades, and a red velvet coverlet on the bed. It is evident from the big stone fireplace that it is a room in an old house. On one side of it one would put, by way of contrast, the painting of an old library, with its fine wood-panelling, dark blue curtains, and soft worn colours in the carpet—an old room that has been allowed to be old. On the other side, one would put a beautiful old Georgian interior, a room in a manor house, where there is just enough colour—walls painted a soft brown, picked out with gold, a gilt consol-table, a red and gold carpet, and jade-green curtains.

FROM the modern rooms with too much colour one would go on to the rooms with too little. There are several of these. One has grey walls with white paint and a grey carpet. Another is all-grey with a little blue. Another has grey walls with a blue carpet. Then one would hang two pictures of the same kind of room in which the grey background has been relieved with colour, in one badly, and in the other beautifully. The first of these two has grey walls, grey marble fireplace and greyish-blue chair covers. Its delicate azure-blue curtains are charming, but it is spoilt by a red carpet, with a big red rug, and a purple cushion. The second has greenish-grey walls and a soft green carpet, and against the grey a Japanese picture with black trees and grey storks on a gold background—a very attractive room. With these one would hang the picture of the Chinese Chippendale Room at Buckingham Palace, where again one has a beautiful harmony of colours, the bright red and blue of Chinese ornaments against the soft green of panelled walls and carpet.

A TALENTED WRITER

Mrs. Vennette Herron, whose short stories with a Dutch East Indian setting have won her a big reputation. Mrs. Herron is a contributor to "The Bystander"

E. O. Hoppé

IN A BRITISH FILM

Elga Brink, who is the leading lady in the film of "The Fake," the screen version of Frederick Lonsdale's play which is being made at the St. Margaret's Studios under the direction of George Jacoby for W. P. Films. This screen play will be seen in London shortly

IT by no means follows that a good artist has a beautiful room, and you need go no further than the Academy to see it. There is one, called simply "Interior," with an artist painting in it, with blue ceiling, garish green door, and striped blue and green and yellow curtains. Then there is a studio with cream walls, a Victorian mantelpiece in dark grey marble and a big gilt-framed mirror standing on it—as drab a little corner of a room as one could imagine.

THESE two would hang together, and next to them what is perhaps the most attractive interior in the Academy, called "An Artist's Home." Its big bay window has a table standing in it. There are gold curtains to the window and a crimson curtain to shut off the bay. Its polished floor has rugs with red and gold in them. The chairs are covered with blue brocade and the ceiling and panelled walls are cream. There is not too much furniture, and the room is full of grace and light. Arranged in this way, these pictures of interiors would have a double interest. Why does not the Academy give us a house-decorating room?

MOTOR NOTES

I FEEL as indignant as anyone about the raiding of the Road Fund and the persecution of motorists by the police and so forth, but I must confess I have not yet joined any of these associations for organising reprisals on the authorities! Some of the suggestions put forward are certainly practicable enough. We are to withhold our Road Fund money by putting the car in dock for a season. We are to protest by buying foreign instead of British cars, and so forth. (It is not yet suggested that we should withhold obedience to our police or obey only foreign ones!) The snag in it all is that we should simply be cutting off our noses to spite our faces. At the same time, the fact that there are sane people who will spend their time organising these movements, and the fact that they obtain support—and in some cases strong support—should bring home to the authorities that there is a great deal of serious unrest in motoring circles.

***

THE Michelin Tyre Company has introduced a new rim for wired-edge balloon covers, on which it is impossible for the tyre to come off when suddenly deflated. It incorporates the well-base principle at one portion only of its circumference. From there it tapers off to a flat base at the opposite point. To take the cover off, levers are applied at the flat portion of the rim, but before it can move the edges have to sink into the well-base at the other side. To prevent them moving into this base accidentally a special pad of rubber is fitted to the tube, and a nut on the valve stem holds this in place. Until that nut is taken off the cover cannot be removed, accidentally or otherwise.

THE "SKY PILOT"

By the use of the Avro aeroplane in this photograph the Bishop of Willochra, South Australia, was able to preach in London in the morning and in Manchester in the afternoon. The Bishop is seen here with the pilot, Mr. Alan Goodfellow, after their arrival at Manchester

To demonstrate the truth of this, the Michelin Tyre Company recently organised a series of hair-raising stunts on Brooklands Track. An ordinary standard touring car was driven at speed past the spectators, and when level with them the cover was purposely burst by an ingenious arrangement specially invented for this demonstration. The cover went absolutely flat and twisted itself into weird shapes and contours, but remained on the rim. Demonstrations were then given of the ease of fitting and removing once the valve stem nut is taken off. Lastly came two demonstrations of a dry skid at full speed, first with the cover semi-deflated to only 7 lb. pressure, then with it fully deflated. The car took a long run to get up speed, and the driver swerved, pulled the wheel hard over, and skidded at full speed on the rough, dry concrete, raising a cloud of dust and a nerve-racking noise. At no part of the circumference did the tyre even protrude over the edge of the rim. What astonished me personally was the toughness of the tyre itself, though this was not the object of the demonstration. In spite of this terrible test, the walls being scraped

(*Continued on page* iv)

TURKISH RÉGIE

CIGARETTES

Manufactured in Constantinople

The only imported Turkish Cigarettes obtainable in any market

BRANDS	PRICES PER 100	BRANDS	PRICES PER 100
SPECIAL No. 1 (large with gold tip) ...	14/-	CERCLE DU BOSPHORE	10/-
SPECIAL (gold tip)	12/6	YENIDJE	9/-
SPECIAL	12/-	EN A'ALA	7/6
SELAM	11/-	SERAIL ... ... (short cardboard mouthpiece)	10/-
YASET	10/-	SERAIL ... ... (long cardboard mouthpiece with gold tip), in boxes of 20 only.	2/6 per 20

Special Brands to suit customers' requirements can be manufactured in quantities of not less than 15,000.

TURKISH TOBACCO MONOPOLY (LONDON) LTD.
169, PICCADILLY, W.1.

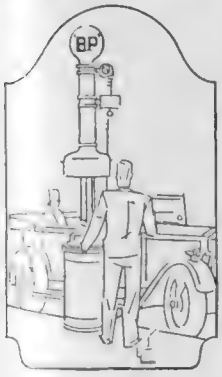
Telephone ... ... Gerrard 8861

BY APPOINTMENT

"As chaste as Ice, as pure as Snow"

Hamlet.

Cerebos SALT



First off the mark

Rapid acceleration which results from "BP" means more than first off the mark. It signifies a petrol of purity. That means less carbon. And that again spells economy. It also means easy starting, the extra power and mileage and all the attributes you expect in a petrol refined in Britain by British labour. Use "BP" for the best all-round results.

"BP"

The British Petrol

Go to the GREEN "BP" PUMP *for your Petrol*

British Petroleum Co. Ltd Britannic House, Moorgate, E.C.2
Distributing Organization of the
ANGLO-PERSIAN OIL CO. LTD.

Another Car Burnt Out!

Photo by S. Stephenson

Don't let Fire end *your* tour

Prevent such disasters!

THIS photograph is a tragic warning to those Motorists who still risk riding without a "PYRENE" Fire Extinguisher. Every day cars are catching fire—yours may be the next! Small cars suffer quite as much as large ones. For Light Car owners there is now a JUNIOR MODEL, which fits almost anywhere on a car. It puts out these dangerous fires immediately, just as the STANDARD size saves larger Cars.

Pyrene TRADE MARK
FIRE EXTINGUISHER

Comparative sizes of STANDARD & JUNIOR *Models.*

Get the *New* JUNIOR Model
FOR LIGHT CARS

JUNIOR MODEL FOR LIGHT CARS.
Handsome Nickel Plated Finish only. Filled and complete with bracket ... **35/-**

STANDARD MODEL FOR BIG CARS.
Filled and complete. Polished Brass 55/-
Nickel or Black Plated 60/-

GET ONE FROM YOUR GARAGE
Send for Folder "W.J."

THE PYRENE COMPANY LTD.,
9, Grosvenor Gardens, London. S.W.1.

Telephone: VICTORIA 8592. *Telegrams:* "PYRENEXTIN, SOWEST, LONDON."

sideways along the rough concrete with the whole weight of the car on them, there was not a sign of a cut or tear on the rubber of the walls or the tread, or on the casing inside.

***

It is common knowledge that the Michelin people are putting up a factory at Stoke-on-Trent, at a total cost of, I believe, nearly £2,000,000, to manufacture tyres for the British market. On the day of the demonstration referred to the Directors told us that it was hoped to have this factory going before the end of October, or at latest in November next. Certainly in this new rim they have a splendid article with which to appeal afresh to the British public. Incidentally, the tread on the cover is also of a new design, incorporating very deep studs of mixed sizes.

***

Of the foreign makes of car sold in this country very few reach us with their native left-hand steering. This is in some ways a pity, for the left-hand driving position has a certain fascination and not a few distinctly practical advantages. Two obvious drawbacks are the problem of signalling—which can be overcome by fitting one of the many excellent direction indicating devices—and the difficulty of seeing ahead when pulling out to overtake another vehicle. This could be overcome by fitting a "forward view" mirror, as the Americans would call it, i.e., a mirror reflecting the view forward from a point well out on the offside. (Such a mirror would be extremely useful even with the right-hand driving position.) While one admits those two advantages, there are countless occasions when we want to steer close to whatever it is we are passing on our left, and the average driver is not skilful enough to take any risks with the left edge of the car when he is away over on the right. In an emergency the left is the important side. When confronted suddenly with another car in a narrow lane you cannot do more than draw over to the last inch on your own side. Yet how many drivers do so? They are so frightened of running the car into the ditch that, in actual fact, most of them leave at least a foot still between them and the grass—and then after the crash will argue that they did all they could.

E. M. Wright.

ON THE ROAD TO KANDY

A Clyno photographed under picturesque conditions on the Kandy road, Ceylon. In the background can be seen oxen and men ploughing in the mud of a paddy field

---

A World Tour

Mr. W. E. Roote, of Rootes, Ltd., has just completed his world tour after visiting Egypt, India, Australasia, Fiji, Honolulu, Canada, and the U.S.A. The objects of the tour, namely, to find out as much as possible about the countries to which Rootes, Ltd., export British cars, and also to try to get British cars well represented and brought more prominently before the notice of local motorists, met with conspicuous success. There is now every reason for Rootes, Ltd., to expect a big increase in the export of British cars in the near future.

The Engineer's Opinion

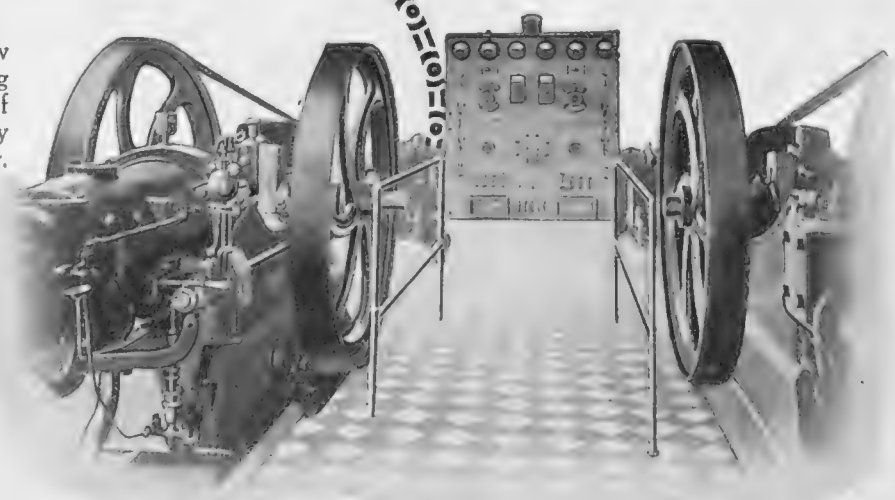
MR. A. DOBINSON

Mr. Dobinson, who has been Engineer in charge since the D. & G. Installation at Denbies, Dorking, Surrey, was erected in 1905 for The Rt. Hon. Lord Ashcombe, says:—

"During the 22 years' service the plant has never failed and is still running satisfactorily."

A D. & G. ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER INSTALLATION proves to be **the cheapest in the end.**

With the latest type engine we can usually show a considerable saving in the cost of producing electricity as compared with the charges of Supply Companies, and the Storage Battery eliminates the risk of sudden failure of supply.



Write for Catalogue No. 40

DRAKE & GORHAM Ltd.

36, Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1

29, Piccadilly, – MANCHESTER
58, West Campbell Street, GLASGOW

GREAT NORTH ROAD SMASH.

Four Members of Northallerton Family Injured.

* * *

It appears that Mr. [redacted] driving along the Baldersby Road was about to enter the Great North Road, when he collided with a motor car with two occupants which was travelling along the latter road. Both cars were wrecked, but the occupants of the second escaped without injury.

Mr. [redacted] it is thought, has fractured ribs. Mrs. [redacted] was badly cut about the face by glass, her mother received bruises to the back and suffered from shock, and Miss [redacted] suffered from shock and had a cut on the left hand.

Extract from "The Yorkshire Evening Post," 9th May, 1927.

"CUT ABOUT THE FACE BY GLASS"

FROM 'The Autocar,' 27th May, 1927. (Speaking of *Triplex* Safety Glass). "As for motorists, they must, when using a car fitted with non-splinterable glass, feel a glow of satisfaction that, come what may in the shape of mishaps, they and their passengers are immune from the most dreadful of all consequences of serious accidents—bad cuts from jagged broken glass windows or screens."

Have you carefully considered the benefits of *Triplex*?

DON'T BE PUT OFF—

Fit "TriplеX" and be Safe

The Triplex Safety Glass Co., Ltd., 1, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, London, W.1: *also* The Triplex Safety Glass Company of North America Inc., 75, West St., New York

Quality

QUALITY should be your sole quest in all that affects the efficiency of your car or motor-cycle.

Whether you buy Lubricant in Tins, or from the Pump, one thing alone matters —QUALITY.

The quality of Wakefield CASTROL Motor Oil has always been maintained at the highest level —and always will be. There are several grades, differing only in viscosity or characteristics; the same irreproachable quality links all.

Over 200 leading Motor Manufacturers show their recognition of these facts by recommending

WAKEFIELD

Castrol Regd.

MOTOR OIL

—the Product of an All-British Firm.

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Le MANS 24 HOURS ENDURANCE

Race for Cars of Standard make

June 1927

Won by

Dr. J. D. Benjafield & Mr. S. Davies

driving a

BENTLEY

3 LITRE CAR

for 1,480 miles at 61⅔ m.p.h.

using

K·L·G

SPARKING PLUGS

Once again this great endurance test of STANDARD cars proves that K.L.G. SPARKING PLUGS can withstand the most gruelling trials.

K.L.G.s are standard equipment on the BENTLEY car. When performance rather than price is the primary consideration, the makers turn, naturally, to K.L.G.

K·L·G — TT — ALL THREE — K·L·G

The New Tailoring

—YOU CHOOSE CLOTHES INSTEAD OF CLOTH

GREY
FLANNEL SUITS

Cut from fine quality West of England cloth in a serviceable tone of medium grey.

Single Breasted 5 *gns.*

Double Breasted 5½ *gns.*

NOTHING fits in quite so naturally with summer moods and weathers as a grey flannel suit. And when both mood and weather make you feel that you should be wearing one—go into "The New Tailoring" Showroom, choose one, and walk out with it on. You can do that even if you are right out of the "stock size" category. For "The New Tailoring" range of sizes and fittings is so all-embracing that a perfect fit is assured to practically every figure—hefty or slim, short or tall.

AUSTIN REED'S
of REGENT STREET

NEW TAILORING FLOORS: 107-113 Regent St., London, W.1
24 Coventry Street (West) 13 Fenchurch Street (City)
And at GLASGOW, BIRMINGHAM, LIVERPOOL, MANCHESTER, SHEFFIELD, LEEDS, BRISTOL and PRESTON

SR2927

Fashions Fancies

An effective and practical yachting suit, carried out in navy and white Neptune serge, sketched at Aquascutum Ltd., 100, Regent St., W.1

Looking Ahead

Too early to think of Autumn fashions? Not a bit! Some of the new models have already reached London, disclosing the fact that the waist-line is definitely higher; that the silhouette remains straight; that in the afternoon and evening there is a strong feeling for drapery; that black velvet is to be the rage. Women, with a reputation for good dressing to keep up, must "get busy" before they go away or they may find themselves back numbers.

This Skirt Business!

Are skirts to be longer? Shorter they cannot well be! Straws show which way the wind blows, and the fact that evening frocks have for some little time shown a tendency to dip in some places, even if they rise again in others, is indicative of change. This tendency is even more marked in the advance guard of the autumn models. Some dip at the back and are fairly short in front; others dip at either side, or by means of one-sided drapery effects are longer on the left than on the right and vice versa; in other cases scalloped hems give an appearance of greater length. Skirts that are actually longer often compromise by having transparent hems from the knee downwards. Ankle-length picture gowns have, of course, been "in" for some time, and are becoming more and more popular, and the newer variety of these show skirts that almost sweep the ground at the back.

By Their Sports Clothes Shall You Know Them!

We are far from being sticklers for etiquette to-day, but to be incorrectly dressed on sporting occasions, especially "aboard ship," still remains the unforgivable sin. Sports clothes from Aquascutum, Ltd., 100, Regent Street, are always correct, down to the very tiniest detail. Their smart interpretation of the up-to-date yachting suit is shown on this page. Carried out in Neptune serge, quite impervious to sea water as its name implies, the coat being navy with a white collar and the skirt white. These smart, workmanlike affairs, which are made in "all navy" as well, are priced from 12 guineas. Eight guineas will purchase a perfectly cut and tailored tweed suit, suitable for the moors, in one of the new herringbones, checks or mixtures. The "Lockerbie," a field coat of waterproofed cotton fabric warranted to withstand the stiffest of drenchings, with a snug checked wool lining, costs only 3½ guineas. The price of the famous Scutum coat, made in a large range of shades, is 6 guineas. Camel-fleece coats, the cosiest things in the world for motoring, are 9 guineas, and white polo tennis coats 7 guineas. So sports clothes are not as expensive as you think—at least, from Aquascutum, Ltd.!

Early Autumn "felts," sketched at Robert Heath's, 37, Knightsbridge, S.W.1

The Latest in Felts

Still felt hats for holiday and sports wear. But the early autumn shapes are just a little "different." Two of the very newest, sketched at Robert Heath's, 37, Knightsbridge, S.W., are shown on this page. Note that the brim of the one on the left turns up ever so slightly, and that the right-hand one, "The Brassie," flatter of brim, can have as high or as low a crown as the wearer fancies—she has only to dent it in herself, and place a jaunty little feather in the Petersham band if she feels so disposed. Navy and deep beige are the actual colourings of the hats in the sketches, but they can be obtained in all the newest shades, as also can charming shapes in waterproofed velvet and velour, two fabrics scheduled in the early Autumn fashion scheme.

In Step with Fashion

To keep in step with Fashion, shoes must be regarded as every bit as important as frocks, and, with the holiday season looming ahead, particularly sports shoes. At Abbotts', 82, Regent Street, three most attractive pairs have been sketched. First of all, white canvas tennis shoes with *crêpe* rubber soles, narrowly edged with a colour which may be tan, red or blue; the side pieces that fit over the instep, and that can be adjusted by means of laces, ensure a close, comfortable fit (22*s.* 6*d.*). See, too, the white wool tennis socks with coloured borders that all the world is wearing! Another sketch shows white canvas and tan leather sports shoes with *crêpe* rubber soles, fastening with strap and buckle (42*s.*). And the third, leather-soled white

Abbott's, 82, Regent St., W., sponsor tennis shoes edged with tan, red or blue, and other sports models in tan and white

Sketches by Renée

canvas and brown leather shoes, with the fashionable "Ghillie" front (42*s.*); these are made in all brown leather at the same price, or in black and white or russet lizard at 68*s.* The reptile family are indeed round about our feet these days. Abbotts' newest models include shoes made from snake, python, water snake, ostrich, sea leopard, crocodile, and also shark! Navy blue, one of the season's colours, has extended itself into shoes, which in kid, very new and smart, cost from 30*s.*, and this same sum will purchase a lovely pair of silver kid dance shoes.

Paris Autumn Models

YES, already! — in the Model Gown Department of Messrs. Debenham & Freebody, Wigmore Street, W.1. Good news for the woman who wants to leave town feeling thoroughly up to date! Black velvet, which is going to enjoy a tremendous vogue this autumn, carries out the left-hand frock in the sketch; a Duvergne model, trimmed with *diamanté,* draped from the waist in front and at the back from the V opening. For the Bernard model, on the right, black satin is used, with silver embroidery on net outlining the deep V and a pink rose just emerging from the folds of the sash. The latest Paris importations include chiffon dance frocks in every imaginable colour, for the French capital will dance in chiffon for some time to come.

Picture Gowns Are Fashionable

ONE adorable picture affair, at Debenham's, of *bois-de-rose moiré* and chiffon, has a narrow moss-green ribbon sash; another, of black *faille* made pannier fashion, is relieved by a white yoke back and front, and *diamanté* and silver embroidery. Some lovely afternoon frocks are made of reversible satin, the dull surface being used for the actual frock and the shiny side for the insertions, often geometrical, that serve as trimming. So far as sports clothes are concerned, special interest centres round a Jean Patou model, duck's egg blue in colour, the skirt made of a new Rodier fabric, "Tussecla," with a striped matching jersey, the price of which deserves particular mention, because it is only 8½ guineas.

Sketched at Debenham & Freebody, Wigmore St., W. A Duvergne model expressed in black velvet (left) and one in black satin from Bernard (right)

Sports Clothes with a French Accent

AN entirely practical sports suit—pleated skirt and simple cardigan coat of beige Frisca, with a checked woollen jumper of beige and bfown, into which the fabric of the skirt is cleverly woven, and matching felt hat quaintly laced in front—but Paris is "writ large" all over it! Note it below on the right! It was sketched at Worth's of Paris, who have recently opened new salons at 221, Regent Street, in addition to those at 3, Hanover Square. Another sports model has the new pleated trouser skirt and a coat of coarsely woven hopsack, with an amusing overcheck of bright Roumanian colourings, is a revelation in tennis wraps. Do you see, on the left below, the neat little bag the maid is carrying? It is made of soft calf leather, and into it fits the whole of the sleeping outfit required on a long train journey, etc.—pyjama suit, accompanying coat, slippers, two sheets and a pillow, all of them carried out in pale rose-pink *toile de soie.* And what of a boudoir suit, with a pleated trouser skirt of sapphire blue satin, shot *lamé* blouse, and sapphire velvet coat. All that's new in *lingerie,* all that's *chic* in sports clothes, hats, and shoes, translated, moreover, into the practical terms upon which the English sportswoman insists, are to be found at "Worth's Unusual Shop." With Paris in London, what need to cross the Channel!

(*Continued on page* x)

Pyjamas, wrapper, slippers, pillow and two sheets! They all fit into the little calf-skin case. And note, on the right, the beige and brown Frisca sports three-piece. From Worth, 221, Regent Street, W

Sketches by Ella Fulton

E.B.1674. Superfine Grey Glace Kid Court Shoe inlaid with real Java Lizard. Louis XV heel, handmade throughout ... 65/-

NEW MODELS EVERY MONTH

Every new month sees a big turnover in the LONDON SHOE COMPANY'S stocks. Current models are continually replaced by new exclusive styles. We are thus enabled to offer customers an up-to-the-minute exclusiveness not obtainable elsewhere.

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COMPANY LIMITED

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"The Secret of Slenderness."

THE NEW "CORSLO AMINCI" FOR FULL FIGURES

The "Corslo Aminci" is an interesting addition to the famous Corslo Novelties designed by our Corsetière, whose originality has revolutionised modern corsetry. The "Corslo Aminci" gives that invisible support demanded by smart women of to-day, and with no break at the waistline is a perfect union of brassière and ceinture. It has a double front, the underpart is cleverly boned to give the necessary uplift to the abdomen, obviating in certain cases the necessity of wearing a surgical belt, and the specially arranged elastic holds the diaphragm in perfect comfort. The "Corslo Aminci" will at the same time mould the figure into long graceful lines without any feeling of compression, forming a perfect foundation and giving distinction and natural beauty of line to the most fashionable day and evening gowns, etc. The slim figure that requires surgical support will find the "Corslo Aminci" especially beneficial.

"LE CORSLO AMINCI" in cotton tricot, with double front, boned back, closed or laced, fastening at left side, four pairs of suspenders, bones removable, and can be washed as easily as ordinary underclothes. In pink and white. Measurements required: Bust, Waist and Hips.

Price **4 Gns.**
In silk tricot or satin, 7 Gns.
Catalogue post free.

Reg. No. 724083. Patent applied for

Sent on approval.

Debenham & Freebody
(LIMITED)
Wigmore Street. (Cavendish Square) London.W.1

Of course, afterwards, you regret it, but—one is sometimes so very tired . . . .

"Be quiet Mother is tired"

MORE than anything else, it's Health and Vitality that make for happiness in the home. Bring into *your* home the keen energy and ready laughter of the really healthy.

Just as it would be unnatural if it were dark for weeks, even so is constant fatigue unnatural. You must conquer that feeling for the sake of your family and for yourself. And you can—with Sanatogen.

Medical tests have shown (with the aid of a "Fatigue-meter"), that people who had taken Sanatogen during a fortnight increased their energy—their health—by about 23%.

The men and women tested were entirely healthy people, who only felt "a bit tired." After the use of Sanatogen they not only no longer felt tired, but they had that feeling of abundant energy, of fitness and freshness, that is typical of strong red blood and healthy nerves.

Start taking Sanatogen to-day. You will feel within a short time the wonderful difference in your own health.

SANATOGEN

The True Tonic-Food

At all Chemists from 2/3 per tin.

GENATOSAN LTD., LOUGHBOROUGH, LEICESTERSHIRE.

An Hotel at Pau

Travellers who have stayed at the Hotel Victoria, Dinard, will be interested to know that the proprietor, M. Charles Vergara, is opening, during the winter season, a residential hotel at Pau. Beaumont House, the new hotel, is situated on the Place Royale, just opposite the British Club, and is only a few yards from the famous Boulevard des Pyrénées, with its magnificent mountain views. The hotel will be open in October in ample time for the beginning of the fox-hunting season, which takes place in November. Full particulars regarding residential suites, etc., may be obtained from the Manager, Beaumont House, 7, Place Royale, Pau.

"The Book Window"

The quarterly magazine which makes its bow this month under this title describes itself as "A Guide to Book Buying and Book Reading," but this errs on the side of modesty. The first issue of *The Book Window* contains, in addition to its many pages dealing exclusively with books, an interview with Mr. H. G. Wells, and articles on bookcases for small houses, Shakespeare, and our theatres, the spirit of golf, and a children's page. It comprises, in fact, a quantity of reading matter of varied interests, and is very cheap at the price of threepence charged for it by its publishers, Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son.

THE ART OF THE SILVERSMITH

Striking examples of modern art in silverware. These, with a great many other fine specimens of the craft, are to be seen at the exhibition of Modern Art Silverware which is being held by the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company at 112, Regent Street, W.

BEAUTIFUL DECORATION

One of the strikingly furnished rooms at the Royal Egyptian Legation, Bute House. The contract for the decoration and furnishing of the rooms was entrusted to Messrs. Waring and Gillow, Ltd., 164-182, Oxford Street, who also decorated, furnished, and equipped the King of Egypt's Nile yacht

A Summer Drink

In the heat of summer it is, of course, imperative to find a drink that is at once cooling to the blood and a real thirst quencher. Lemons form an ideal basic ingredient for a drink of this nature, and of all the lemonades in use one of the most popular is Eiffel Tower Lemonade. The manufacturers, Messrs. Foster Clark, Ltd., of Maidstone, prepare two kinds of Eiffel Tower Lemonade, the original, which requires added sugar, and the sweetened. Both are very easy to make and are really delicious.

A Burning Question

Really good cigarettes, either Turkish or Virginia, are none too easily come by nowadays, and the question of where such may be obtained is as urgent as ever. It is good to know, therefore, that The Persian Cigarette Co., 38 & 39, Piccadilly, are selling their Darius standard size Turkish cigarettes at 9s. per 100; Darius (Petit) for ladies at 8s. 6d. per 100. Their Virginia de Luxe cost 5s. per 100, and all these and other brands are obtainable direct from the company at the above-mentioned address. There are few occasions in life when a perfect cigarette is not welcome, whether it is during the rush of business or the calm of leisure, and this company's cigarettes are a boon to mankind.

On Sale at WORTH, 221, Regent Street, and at a few Exclusive Stores.

Wholesale Distributing Agents: DEBACQ & HARROP, 68, Newman Street, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1

Let the

"Great Eight" Help You When You Go to Paris

AT the Paris offices of "The Bystander," "The Graphic," "The Illustrated London News," "The Sphere," "The Sketch," "The Tatler," "Eve," "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News," 65-67 Avenue des Champs-Elysées, Paris viii, there is a comfortable reading room where current and back copies of all the "Great Eight" publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the despatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

Japan in London: The delightful exhibit of Messrs. W. H. Gaze & Sons of Surbiton at the Royal Horticultural Show—from "The Sphere."

GAZES

GARDEN DESIGNERS *and* CRAFTSMEN

TAKE ADVANTAGE of our invitation and visit "The Gazeway" Show Gardens, Surbiton—They are now at their best.

For your Holiday Kit—

"Luvisca" SHIRTS PYJAMAS & SOFT COLLARS

Clean, cool and comfortable wear for the hot Summer days.

Their smooth texture never changes; the colours are not harmed by washing or exposure to the sun. "LUVISCA" Shirts, Pyjamas and Soft Collars give service without parallel.

LOOK FOR THE REGISTERED "LUVISCA" TAB ON EVERY GARMENT. NONE GENUINE WITHOUT.

If any difficulty in obtaining "LUVISCA" SHIRTS, PYJAMAS and SOFT COLLARS, write COURTAULDS, Ltd. (Dept. 8M), 16, St. Martin's-le-Grand, London, E.C.1, who will send you name of nearest retailer and descriptive booklet.

A change to Benger's has been the turning point in the life of many a backward baby.

"My youngest boy, aged 16 months, has been brought up on Benger's Food from 3 months. He is very bright and sturdy, has cut his teeth without trouble, and everyone says he is a great credit to Benger's. Several people who have asked what I have fed him on have tried your splendid Food with pleasing results."

Benger's is always prepared with fresh new milk.

BENGER'S Food

is sold in Tins, by Chemists, etc., everywhere. No. 0—1/4; No. 1—2/3; No. 2—4/-; No. 3—8/6

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ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL

is an absolute necessity for the HAIR

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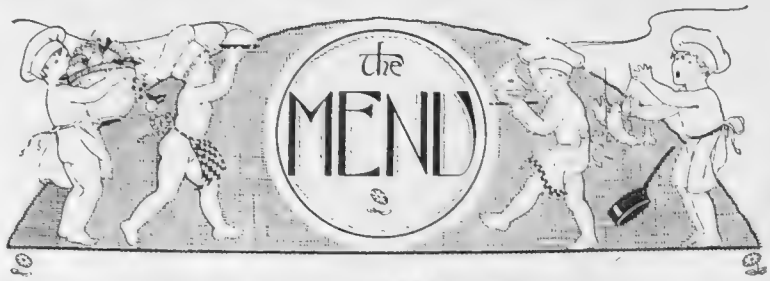

LIGHT DISHES FOR SUMMER WEATHER

Mayonnaise of Eggs.
Mousse of Salmon (Iced).
An Entrée of Lobster or Cray Fish (Cold).
Veal Cutlets and Tomato Sauce (Cold).
Aspic Jelly.
Strawberry Salad with Champagne.

Mayonnaise of Eggs

Shell four hard-boiled eggs, and cut them in halves lengthways. Peel and cut four ripe tomatoes in halves, put them on a baking-tin and bake them in the oven till they are just tender, then let them get cold. Arrange them on a dish, and season with salt and pepper; place half an egg, cut side downwards, on each tomato. Have ready half a pint of stiff mayonnaise sauce, well flavoured with tarragon vinegar, and coat the eggs and tomatoes smoothly with it. Decorate the dish with a little cucumber and beetroot, and serve.

Mousse of Salmon (Iced)

Free 1 lb. of cold boiled salmon from skin and bone, and pound it well. Then add to it half a pint of hot fish stock, which has been stiffened with two leaves of gelatine, and salt and pepper; rub through a sieve. Slightly salt half a pint of cream, and whip it and the fish mixture together. Place in a china *soufflé*-dish, smooth the top with a wet knife, and place in a pan of crushed ice for two hours before serving. Serve with cut cucumber.

An Entrée of Lobster or Cray Fish (Cold)

Line some small moulds with aspic. Put in pieces of lobster or cray fish, cut small, then some slices of peeled tomatoes; pound some picked shrimps with butter, and enough aspic to make it set. Season well, and fill up the moulds with the mixture, the top layer being aspic. When quite set turn out and garnish with mustard and cress, and serve with a salad.

Veal Cutlets and Tomato Sauce (Cold)

Remove the bones from the best end of the neck of veal, and let the meat simmer until tender. Place it until cold between two boards, remove all fat and coat each cutlet with mayonnaise and tomato sauce alternately. Place them down the centre of a silver *entrée* dish, and garnish with salad.

Aspic Jelly

Ingredients.—1 pint of hot water, 1 oz. of gelatine, 1 bay leaf, salt, pepper, and lemon-juice, half a teacupful of vinegar, half an onion, the white and shell of an egg whipped and broken up. To be boiled slowly and then run through a jelly-bag.

Strawberry Salad with Champagne

Either crush the strawberries or serve whole without the stalks. The bowl should contain a liberal quantity of ice. Sprinkle sugar on the fruit, with a few drops of liqueur. Just before serving add a wineglassful of champagne. This is a famous chef's recipe.

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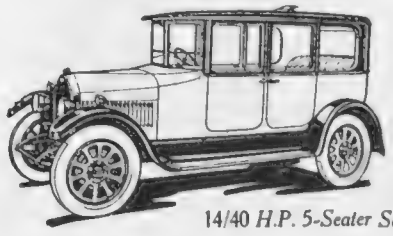

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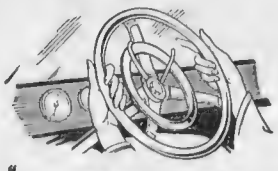

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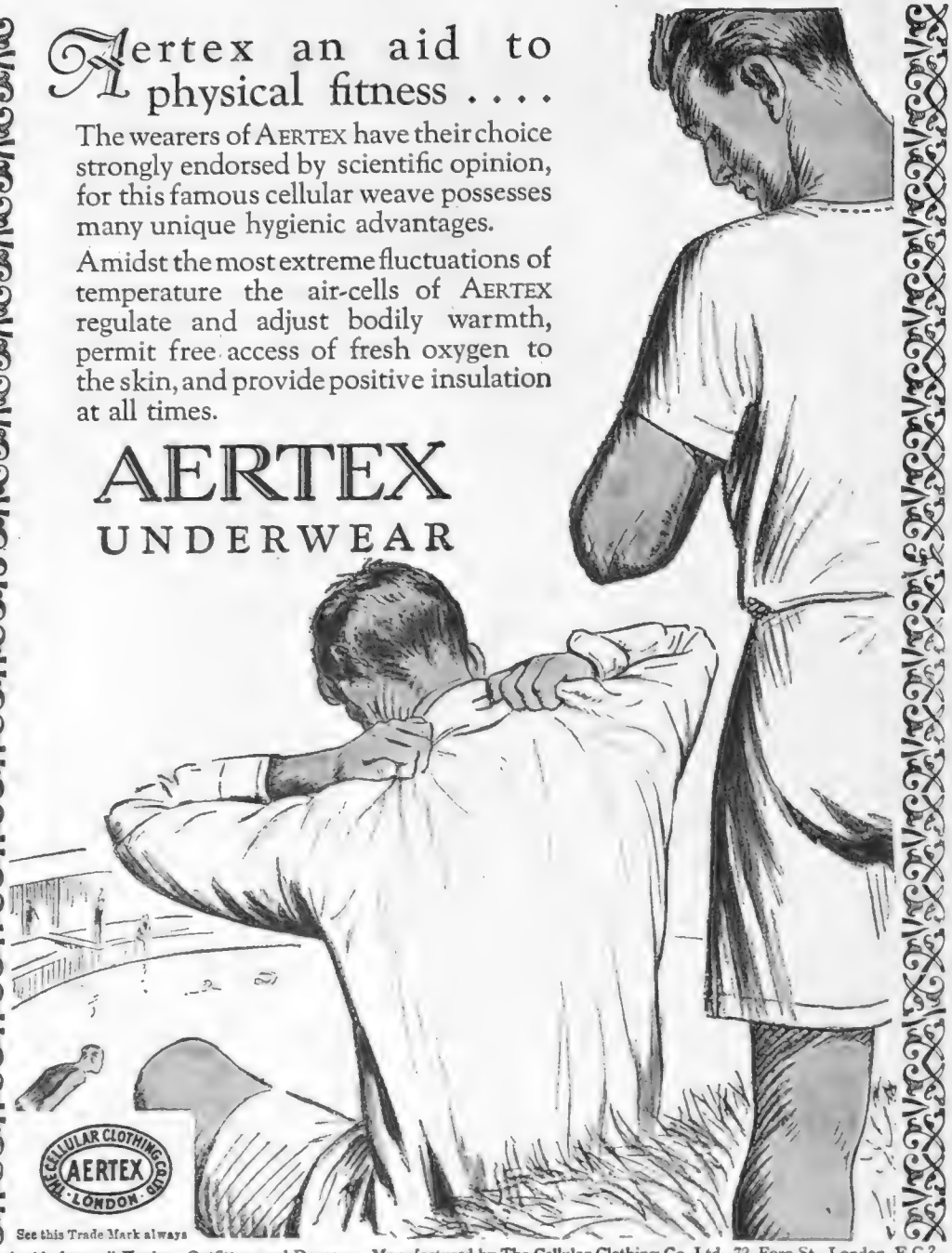

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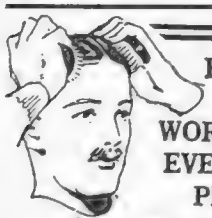

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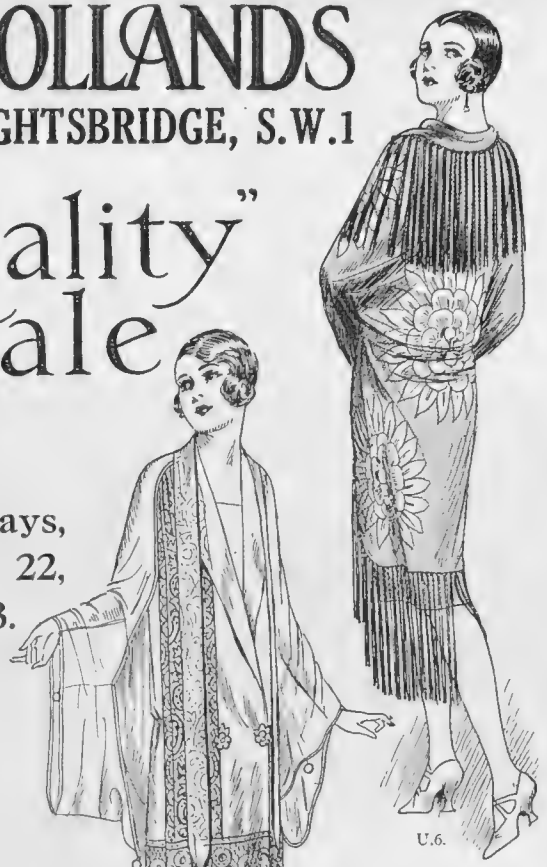

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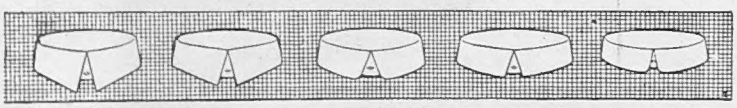

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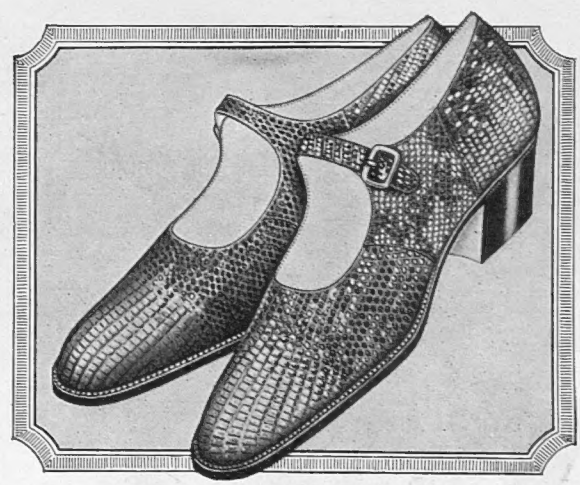

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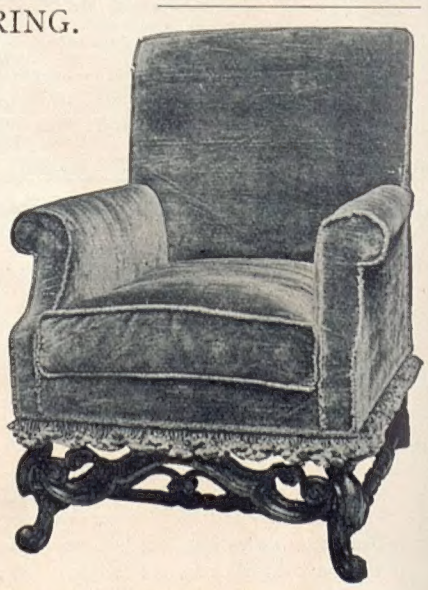

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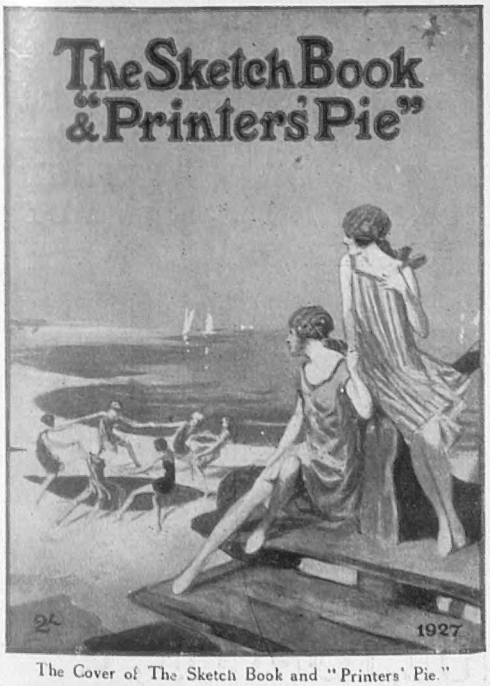

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